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THE NATION

MARCH 2, 1974 *50 cents*

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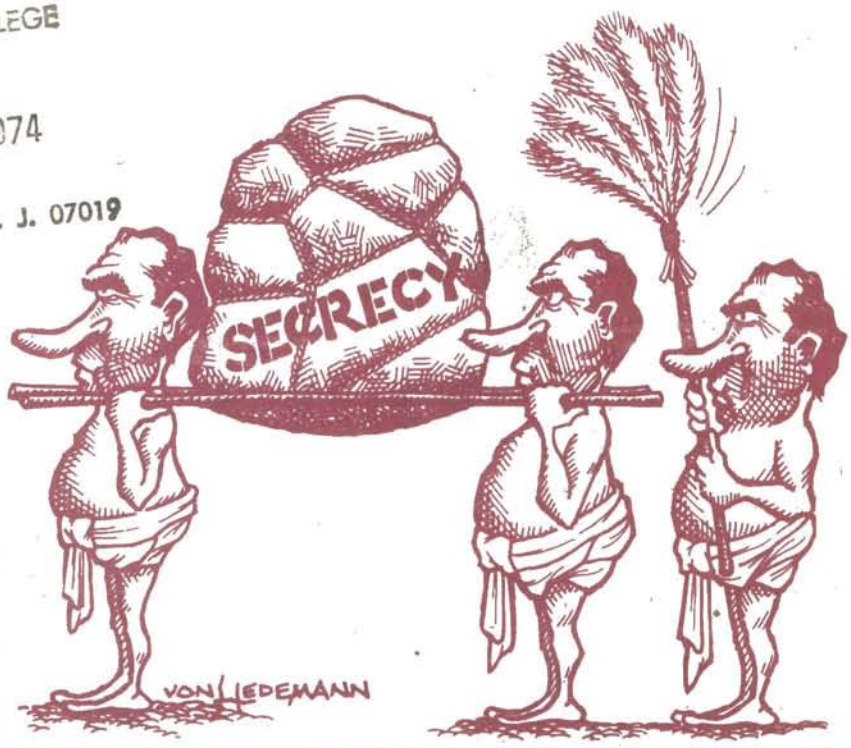

RICHARD CRILEY

Sneaking up On the Press NIXON'S 'OFFICIAL SECRETS ACT'

Edison vs. Public Power

The Squeeze in California

Thomas Brom

BERT COCHRAN on HARRY S. TRUMAN

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LETTERS

contractor's truckload

San Antonio, Tex.

DEAR SIRS: What you wrote in your editorial, "Manslaughter by Truck" [Feb. 9] is very true. However, I feel that it is important to add the following information: This particular bus was carrying workers to a ranch with a Teamster contract. The labor contractor provides the workers. In the past the United Farm Workers had struck the ranch, had asked for negotiations. The grower signed a "sweetheart contract" with the Teamsters, refusing to give the workers secret ballot elections. . . . It should be pointed out that under a UFW contract the labor contractor is eliminated, and a hiring hall is used. . . . Because the workers would have been allowed to determine their mode of transportation, surely they would not have allowed their union to provide an unsafe bus traveling at unsafe speeds. We should also mention that families of these killed Mexican citizens were denied permits to cross the border to identify their loved ones.

John Dauer
American Friends Service Committee

getting at the roots

San Jose, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: As one who has read *The Nation* for more than a half century, I was annoyed to the writing point by the supercilious remark of Ashley Halsey, Jr., editor of *The American Rifleman*, that he doesn't often read the magazine now, since he is "no longer a young radical" [letter, *The Nation*, Feb. 9]. *The Nation* is highly appropriate for real radicals—in the etymological sense of the word—of all ages. Its editorials and articles are generally characterized by vigorous search for the root causes of our social maladjustments and injustices. In my mind, it is currently more perceptive regarding fundamental social issues and is more sensitive to human values than ever before.

Bryan Fulks

novel programs for gifted kids

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIRS: Although Verna Tomasson eloquently described the plight of the gifted student in school ["Gifted Children in a Bind," *The Nation*, Dec. 24], one element of the picture was somewhat neglected: how little in the way of additional funding is required to create novel and flexible programs for gifted kids. Several highly successful, innovative and low-cost programs are described in *Mathematical Talent: Discovery, Description and Development* (to be published in the spring by The Johns Hopkins University Press). Similar programs in many subject areas are easy to establish, administer and pay for. The only necessities are imagination and dedication.

Thank you for the important and timely article.

Daniel P. Keating, Acting Director
Study of Mathematically and Scientifically Precocious Youth
The Johns Hopkins University

wrong Yablonski

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: William Kornblum's "After Coal, Steel: The Challenge of the Rank and File" [*The Nation*, Jan. 26] incorrectly states that District 31 Steelworker candidate, Edward Sadlowski, is represented by "Chip Yablonski and associates."

Joseph A. "Chip" Yablonski, general counsel of the United Mine Workers of America, does not have any connection with Mr. Sadlowski. I believe Sadlowski is represented by Kenneth Yablonski who practices law in Pennsylvania as a private attorney. The United Mine Workers of America is not involved in the USW District 31 election contest.

Bernard Aronson, Assistant to the President
United Mine Workers of America

EDITORIALS

Playing Games

If the President has a game plan for his defense against possible impeachment charges it is simply to play games with Congress, press, public, the Special Prosecutor and the courts for as long as possible. At the start, he promised full cooperation with Jaworski, his purpose then being to quiet the furor aroused by his ouster of Cox. Now he has begun to hedge and parry, as by rejecting Jaworski's latest requests in a note that leaves open the possibility that he might surrender some of them at a later date. As John Herbers reports in *The New York Times*, he is as usual "zigzagging" in an attempt to elude his pursuers. Faced with this tactic, does Jaworski really intend to press the issue, or is he also playing games? He has managed to give an impression of firmness while avoiding a direct confrontation. But in a duel with Nixon confrontation has its advantages; when both sides begin to play games the issues grow fuzzy. It should be noted that, according to Ron Ziegler, the decision to tell Jaworski that the détente with his office had been terminated was made by the President, not by James St. Clair, his new counsel. Mr. St. Clair has not even heard the tapes or looked at the documents that Jaworski wants. It could be, of course, that there are gaps in some of the twenty-seven tapes Jaworski has requested; if so, the White House would want to keep Mr. St. Clair in the dark about the gaps for as long as possible.

While trying to out-finesse Jaworski, Nixon is also playing games with the courts. He has voiced concern about the effect of pretrial publicity on pending prosecutions. But it was the White House that encouraged Sen. Hugh Scott to sound off about the credibility of John Dean's testimony. When the Special Prosecutor and a member of his staff responded that they had no reason to believe Dean had committed perjury, Scott began to feel uneasy—as well he might—but the White House declined to back up what it had encouraged him to say. Apparently Senator Scott had been shown only summaries of tapes that are admittedly inconclusive because subject to different interpretations. So it is an imposition on the court—and the public—for St. Clair and Nixon to raise the issue of pretrial publicity when it was the White House that raised the question of Dean's credibility.

The result of this particular piece of conniving is that the President has succeeded in annoying Senator Scott while at the same time deepening the widespread popular belief that he is personally involved in the cover-up. For if he were not, would he refuse to produce the tapes? He can continue to play games, but with each zig and each zag his position becomes more desperate. Since, whatever he has promised or may promise, he has no intention of cooperating with Special Prosecutor Number Two, the only way to dig out the truth about his personal involvement in the cover-up is for the Rodino committee to summon him as a witness, put him under oath and interrogate him. That is what he seeks to avoid, but his evasions and subterfuges may leave the committee no alternative. No doubt he would refuse to appear, but his refusal could be cited as a ground for impeachment.

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Detente and Repression

Solzhenitsyn's banishment is a current sensation, but aside from the human aspect, its long-term consequences within the Soviet Union and on the outside world—particularly on the United States—must be assessed. At this time, observations must be tentative, with adjustments to be made as developments unfold.

The cost/benefit ratio from the viewpoint of the Soviet regime is the least complex aspect. It appears to be positive; indeed it is difficult to see what else the Politburo could have done. Solzhenitsyn had become a world renowned figure and shooting him, or even sending him to a prison camp, would have aroused universal execration. Nor was there any possibility of coming to terms with him. He had to be disposed of somehow, and exile was the least costly method. The calculations of the Soviet leaders probably went as follows: he is more dangerous in the country than out of it, since it is the domestic situation that concerns us most vitally. By forcing him to leave, presumably with his family, we may even gain some slight approval, or mitigation of disapproval, and after a while the hubbub will die down; it always does.

The disadvantages may be greater than they seemed at the time the decision was made. Solzhenitsyn has the ear of the world media and he may remain the favorite political writer of the West for quite a while. It depends in part on the development of his talent in an alien atmosphere and whether it can thrive without constant immediate oppression. Feedback into the USSR will increase and the young may be influenced by the master's ideas more than when he was a Soviet citizen. There will be general condemnation of his ouster, which is a blatant violation of the Human Rights Declaration, to which the Soviets have subscribed, as well as of Soviet law.

The USSR is a special case of internal suppression of civil rights. To expect Russia to become a constitutional or parliamentary democracy is futile. But some mitigation of political tyranny is conceivable, and the sooner the better. The growth of intellectual freedom within the country has a bearing on the world's safety, including, of course, the safety of the USSR itself. If in one of the two major nuclear powers no dissent is allowed among scientists, writers, intellectuals and ordinary citizens, the forces for change are hamstrung and at a critical juncture nuclear bombs may take control. Even short of that, the threat of military action in one form or another is usually in inverse proportion to civil rights within a country.

But while the status of intellectual freedom in the Soviet Union is a special case of special concern, for the reason indicated, it is tactically unwise to discuss the problem of dissidents there as though it were without parallel. Condemnation of the Soviets should not be so loud or so noisy that it drowns out the protests of dissident intellectuals in other countries who are trying to make themselves heard. The United States is allied with right-wing dictatorships all over the world. In some of these regimes violations of intellectual freedom are as gross, considered as individual cases, as in the case of Solzhenitsyn. Since these regimes enjoy cordial relations with the United

IN THIS ISSUE

March 2, 1974

EDITORIALS

258

ARTICLES

262 New Use for a Foundry: Energy Research in Providence — *Irwin Becker*

265 Sneaking up on the Press: Nixon's "Official Secrets Act" — *Richard Criley*

268 Portugal's Three Marias — *António de Figueiredo*

269 Edison vs. Public Power: The Squeeze in California — *Thomas Brom*

273 Barrett of British Columbia: Doing the Whole Thing — *Betty Kroll*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

277 Hamby: Beyond the New Deal
Haynes: The Awesome Power
Miller: Plain Speaking — *Bert Cochran*

280 Snow Job (poem) — *Theodore Weiss*

281 Gruening: Many Battles — *Herbert Mitgang*

282 Maloff: Heartland — *Bonnie Stowers*

283 Films — *Robert Hatch*

284 Dance — *Nancy Goldner*

285 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

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States, the way they treat dissident writers and other intellectuals stimulates no great outcry of protest here.

Portugal, for example, pretends to be a Western, Christian, civilized nation, yet it has on numerous occasions cracked down on Portuguese writers in the most shameful fashion (see article p. 268 this issue). In Turkey, we hear of the arrest and torture of Chetin Altan, one of the country's best known journalists. Arbitrary arrests and harassment of writers are commonplace in Iran, South Korea and Chile. In the Union of South Africa hundreds of books, magazines, films, records and posters are routinely banned. Recently that regime suppressed an Afrikaans-language novel—*Knowledge of the Night* by Andre P. Brink—which had won an award for the best Afrikaans work of 1973. At the same time it announced plans to tighten regulations which keep 13,000 publications from the South African public. Rep. Clarence Diggs recently called attention to the sharp increase in the number of "bannings," a kind of silencing of individuals, which have taken place in South Africa: from seventeen in 1972 to seventy in 1973. Included among these are some distinguished Christian theologians. (*Congressional Record*, January 28, p. H 216; February 5, p. H 5-11.) Therefore, to discuss Soviet violations of human rights without reference to similar encroachments in other countries, many of which are the recipients of American aid, is to obscure the prevalence of repression in the modern world.

Just as the Soviets may have miscalculated the effect of Solzhenitsyn's ouster, so it is possible that his partisans here may misread the connection between repression and détente. Some of these partisans are much more interested in disrupting détente and heating up the cold war than they are in Solzhenitsyn. The argument has been advanced that détente results in greater repression—that repression is the price which the present Soviet leaders must pay for the acquiescence of domestic hawks in the policy of détente. But the reverse of this proposition may also be true. The Soviet leaders are obviously much interested in détente; they see important tangible benefits. So it is arguable that, but for this interest, they would have treated Solzhenitsyn more brutally. What they have done, in effect, is to say, "one year of Solzhenitsyn is enough," while remaining concerned about the consequences. In theory, it is hard to see how a gradually extended policy of détente is likely to produce further restrictions on intellectual freedom. Trade and cultural exchange should logically have the opposite effect. In general, then, the relation between détente and repression will not be illuminated by special pleading, self-righteous posturing, domestic political considerations or demagoguery.

'Miserable Political Things'

At dinner, after attending Alice Longworth's 90th birthday party, the President observed that she had succeeded in keeping young by not becoming obsessed with "the miserable political things" that go on in Washington. Earlier in the day he had put in an unannounced speak-and-run appearance at the Lincoln Memorial for the obvious purpose of inviting comparison of the way he has faced criticism with Lincoln's standing "tall and strong and firm" under harsh and unfair attack. "No President in our history," he intoned, "has been more vilified"—which is true. Lincoln's secretaries, he went on, wrote that he had been deeply hurt by what was said about him and drawn about him, but that he had "the great strength of character never to display it."

The comparison is misleading as well as vulgar. For one thing, Mr. Nixon has yet to exhibit the qualities of "humor, kindness and poise under pressure" which he correctly attributes to Lincoln. For another, no President has pursued his critics with more venom and vindictiveness than President Nixon. Why does the President persist in striking such grotesque poses? In this instance, didn't he realize the risks involved in any comparison of his conduct and character with Lincoln's? What he said at the Memorial merely calls attention to the contrast between Lincoln's patience and humility and courage and Nixon's tantrums, evasions and arrogance; between Lincoln's willingness to extend amnesty to the defeated in a civil war and Nixon's adamant refusal to consider it for those who declined on principle to take part in the inglorious adventure in Vietnam. So add one more of those "miserable political things" to the long list of similar antics that have marked the career of Richard M. Nixon.

The Energy Talks

The Washington conference of the thirteen oil-consuming nations was not a newsman's dream. It did not break up in fist fights or insults; indeed, it was all quite parliamentary and civil. But neither did it get very far. Insofar as it made news, French Foreign Minister Michel Jobert, playing the part of splendid isolation, was the principal news maker, with the rest of the cast in secondary roles.

French gains, however, were not proportionate to Jobert's prominence. In fact, no single nation and no bloc can be said to have come out ahead in any conclusive sense. Jobert overplayed his role, while Kissinger could afford to be implicit and restrained; for all the participants were aware that the conference was by no means concerned solely with energy and the Middle East oil embargo—which, placed in perspective, is rather tentative and cautious. None of the participating nations was as contentious as during the monetary crises of 1973, nor was the French stand against multinationalism as harsh as in General de Gaulle's day, although the rhetoric was not unlike.

"Of course," Jobert said, "when everything is going well, approaches are friendly and completely elegant. But when everything is going badly, everyone tries to save his own hide." He continued even more bluntly: "I see nothing against this. Except that we don't all have the same hide. Some of us have tight, shiny hides; others are skinny and worry about food for tomorrow. Let's remember this before making ethical condemnations."

This injection of Gallic realism was, on the whole, salutary as well as candid. France is making its own deals for oil, including a potentially very large one with Iran. The other eight of the nine European countries

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represented could not publicly go along with France, but there was more concurrence with its position than surfaced at the conference. Their diplomacy is more devious: they have been making noises for the past year about the desirability of the Common Market countries acting in unison, while all the time seeking, or at least contemplating, bilateral deals—usually arms for oil—with the Arabs. West Germany could not act on Jobert's precepts, however much it might agree, since it is preoccupied with U.S. military commitments; most of the other European nations were in the same position. The Third World countries, which face the worst consequences from uncontrolled oil prices, were not represented. M. Jobert called attention to their plight, not out of compassion but as a corollary to his description of the disparity of wealth, resources and technology among nations.

Dr. Kissinger spoke of a good many things, such as that the United States should restrain its gargantuan appetite for energy (a self-discipline as yet more evident in theory than in practice); new sources of fuel and new technologies; emergency sharing; international financial cooperation, etc. But behind his proposed "new energy ethic" everyone saw a correlation between American military strength and cooperation in the energy sphere, and the implied threat that the Pentagon might rethink its plans. What Kissinger sought to achieve was hegemony, not dominance, but he failed to achieve even that. Ill prepared and badly timed, the conference was not a disaster and therefore Kissinger has reason to be thankful. In general, the talks ended with the same problems with which they began. The immediate prospect is for more bilateral deals and a stepped-up arms traffic with the Middle East. A special session of the General Assembly, not devoted exclusively to energy but to questions relating to raw materials, trade and development and kindred problems, with general participation, might result in a more thorough and realistic airing of problems which were touched on so slightly and casually in Washington.

The Mentioning Process

On Sunday, February 10, Sen. Henry Jackson was interviewed on the Wallace-Safer program; earlier in the day, Sen. Edward Kennedy was interviewed on *Face the Nation*. Both programs are produced by CBS. Senator Jackson was presented as an active candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1976, although he said that he had not finally decided to make the race. Senator Kennedy said that he would reach that decision late in 1975, but did not take himself out of consideration. In fact, Senator Kennedy, who was questioned sharply about Chappaquiddick, seemed reluctant to discuss his possible candidacy and, whether or not that was his intention, he seemed to be offering himself as a buffer against the burgeoning Jackson candidacy. The fact that Senators Jackson and Kennedy appeared on the same day on the same network should, in any case, stimulate members of the Democratic Party to think hard about the consequences of nominating one or the other of these men.

Consider, first, Senator Jackson. He is obviously sensitive about his consistent support of U.S. intervention in Vietnam. Senator Fulbright, who had called attention to his colleague's voting record on Vietnam, Jackson sharply denounced for his own deplorable record on civil rights. All the same, Jackson was a hawk and as such his record on Vietnam will no more endear him to a large section of the Democratic Party in 1976 than it did in 1972. Far more troublesome, in a way, is the manner in which Jackson has managed to ingratiate himself with President Nixon and to the hawkish community in general. The interview brought out—*The Nation* had touched on these matters at the time—that Nixon had offered him the post of Secretary of Defense and that at Nixon's insistence the Republicans failed to nominate a strong candidate against him in his last Senate race. (See "The Candidacy of Senator Jackson" by Joel Connelly; *The Nation*, November 15, 1971, and editorial, "Nixon's Accomplice," in the same issue; "Rebellion in Washington" by Bernard Wiener; *The Nation*, August 31, 1970. See also *The Jackson Papers*, a 46-page analysis of Jackson's record, issued by the Washington Democratic Council, Seattle, January 1972.) His close ties with Boeing were also stressed. These matters could prove embarrassing should Jackson be the Democratic nominee in 1976, for he would appear to many voters as the successor-in-interest to Presidents Johnson and Nixon.

Jackson made a point of saying that he hates demagogues. True, he is no demagogue himself, but he takes positions that are in a sense demagogic. For example, he is a conservationist, but one who strongly supports the Trans-Alaska pipeline and the SST. He has a good record on many civil rights issues, but opposes bussing. He has appeared to be critical of the big oil interests, but his questioning of their spokesmen in recent public hearings would cause none of them to lose sleep; in fact he has excellent relations with the major oil companies. No doubt he is looked upon with favor by the top leadership of AFL-CIO, the remaining "bosses" such as Daley, and by some groups. But Senator Jackson can at best unite only certain elements of the Democratic Party. He cannot unite the party as such.

Senator Kennedy presents a somewhat similar problem. He has great personal popularity in the party and, as heir to the Kennedy mystique, among nonparty voters as well. He would doubtless be acceptable to many of the same elements that currently favor Jackson. But the Chappaquiddick cloud is still there and it is not likely to dissipate. His TV interviewers emphasized the volume of antagonistic questions bearing on the tragedy and the Senator's response to it that had been submitted to them. So, while Senator Kennedy would unite the party more effectively than Jackson, he would be, in some respects, a vulnerable nominee, particularly in a post-Watergate environment.

Presidental nominees, recent studies have shown, are, with rare exceptions, in effect chosen before the conventions or the primaries. They are chosen by what is called the mentioning process, by being incessantly referred to as the "leading" candidate or the candidate "most likely to be nominated." This pre-convention, pre-primary mentioning usually prevails. It is already somewhat late to start the process for individuals who are not yet nationally known, but it should be attempted. The Democrats should try to flush out all possible nominees,

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whether they are professional politicians or not. In the wake of Watergate a candidate who was not a professional politician just might have strong appeal. But if some alternative candidates are not mentioned, often and loudly, the race is likely to settle down to a struggle between Jackson and Kennedy—with the latter's presence in the race, even though he does not formally declare until late in 1975, serving to keep other candidates from being mentioned. This might serve Jackson's interest but it would not be in the best interests of the party. It is time to set the mentioning process in motion.

Margaret Marshall

Margaret Marshall belonged to two distinct worlds, both of which she reflected in extraordinary ways, to the enrichment of American liberalism. She grew up in the Raft River Valley near the Idaho-Utah border but made her reputation as a journalist and critic in New York's feverish intellectual and political wars of the 1930s and 1940s. Her unique contribution was to bring to the struggles that tore the political Left in those decades some of the fresh and maverick quality of the West—a quality that was proof against both dogma and the kind of solemn self-righteousness that marked so much of the in-fighting of the time.

It was not that Margaret Marshall took lightly the terrible issues of that day—she had far too much feeling and integrity for that—but rather she saw propaganda for what it was and invariably deflated it to get to the truth. In the process she displayed as bold and witty an irreverence toward the follies and offenses of the Left, a political direction she generally favored, as she did toward those of the Right, which she generally did not. What endeared her to whose who knew her was that, for one who so vigorously combated sham and political fashion, she was a warm and—before the personal tragedies that closed in on her—a remarkably cheerful person. She was a particularly enjoyable companion to those who did not take themselves more seriously than the causes they espoused, or the causes themselves too grimly to tolerate a healthy degree of humor—from subtle irony to lowly pun.

It is a great pity that one who in her person so successfully bridged the gulf between Idaho and Manhattan should have left no more than a fragment of the permanent bridge on which she had long been working. Only a start—in the *Hudson Review* for the summer of 1971—is available of a projected work of autobiography and history that would have linked the Marshalls of Virginia to a descendant who was to sing in the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and later, for a quarter-century, adorn the staff of *The Nation* as its literary editor.

ROBERT BENDINER

NEW USE FOR A FOUNDRY

ENERGY RESEARCH IN PROVIDENCE

IRWIN BECKER

Providence, R.I.

An abandoned 19th-century mill, which was recently damaged by fire and stands next to a polluted river in an urban renewal project in Providence, hardly looks like an answer to the so-called energy crisis. But with a little money and a lot of imagination, an attempt will be made soon to turn the Stillman White Brass Foundry in Randall Square into an electric energy conservation station and headquarters for a research agency.

If all goes as planned, by next summer the 123-year-old brick structure will be receiving as much as 60 per cent of its electricity from an assortment of solar collectors, solar cells, a wind-powered generator (windmill) and a water turbine. Even a tiny nuclear device is being considered to run the airplane warning lights on the foundry's towering chimney.

The mingling of renovation and energy conservation is the idea of Ronald Beckman, executive director of the Research and Design Institute. The institute is an innovative, nonprofit research agency organized in 1966 by business and civic leaders to encourage new concepts in design and planning and to help Rhode Island's economy.

As Beckman explained the institute's work: "We don't invent anything here. We make connections between known technologies." The institute, with a staff of twenty, will use the 3-story foundry as its new home. The research agency, again in Beckman's words, "will be a research venture itself."

The energy project is being backed by an amalgam of industrial, conservation and educational interests, all of whom have connections with Beckman's group. Initial financing will come from Narragansett Electric, the state's largest utility, which is providing a three-year, $25,000 grant. In return, the former foundry will become an all-electric building, so that it can tap the power grid when the "natural" energy sources are insufficient.

Why did the utility go along with a project that may lead to an overall reduction in electricity demand? "Well, the nature of what we're doing requires an electric system," explained Beckman. "If it becomes popular, the utility will sell less electricity [per head] to more and more people. The problem the electric company has to think about daily is that everyone needs electricity at the same time. We argued with Narragansett that they are in the power business and shouldn't worry where it comes from. They saw the need for somebody to think about

Irwin Becker is a former reporter on the Providence Journal *and is now editor of a new monthly,* The Advocate.

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twenty years from now. Maybe they'll handle these devices." However, Narragansett Electric has limited its benevolence. Despite arguments from Beckman, the utility will require the institute to pay for any conventional electricity it uses.

The technical aspects of the conservation project will be handled by a group of engineering students from Brown University led by Dr. Joseph J. Loferski, chairman of the engineering division and an expert on solar power. Dr. Loferski is seeking a matching $25,000 grant from federal science agencies to help pay for the equipment. He believes it may be possible to get most of the energy devices from major local firms, either free or at nominal cost.

The local firm that may have the most interest in the project is Textron, Inc., the multinational conglomerate whose world headquarters are about a half mile from the foundry. A Textron subsidiary is one of two firms in the country that turn out the extremely expensive solar (photovoltaic) cells that would be the heart of the energy saving plan. "We hope to get solar cells from Textron for nothing or at a good price," Dr. Loferski said. "The same division makes lights that are compatible with low voltage, DC power, which is more efficient per watt."

The foundry will develop energy by the following means:

(*1*) Solar cells will cover the flat, southern-oriented roof. The cells, which turn 10 per cent of received sunlight into electricity, will be used mainly for lighting. The excess electricity they produce will be stored in conventional batteries in the basement for use at night and during bad weather. "We're going to shingle the roof with these cells," Beckman declared. "Generally, they will provide one hell of a boost of electricity on sunny days."

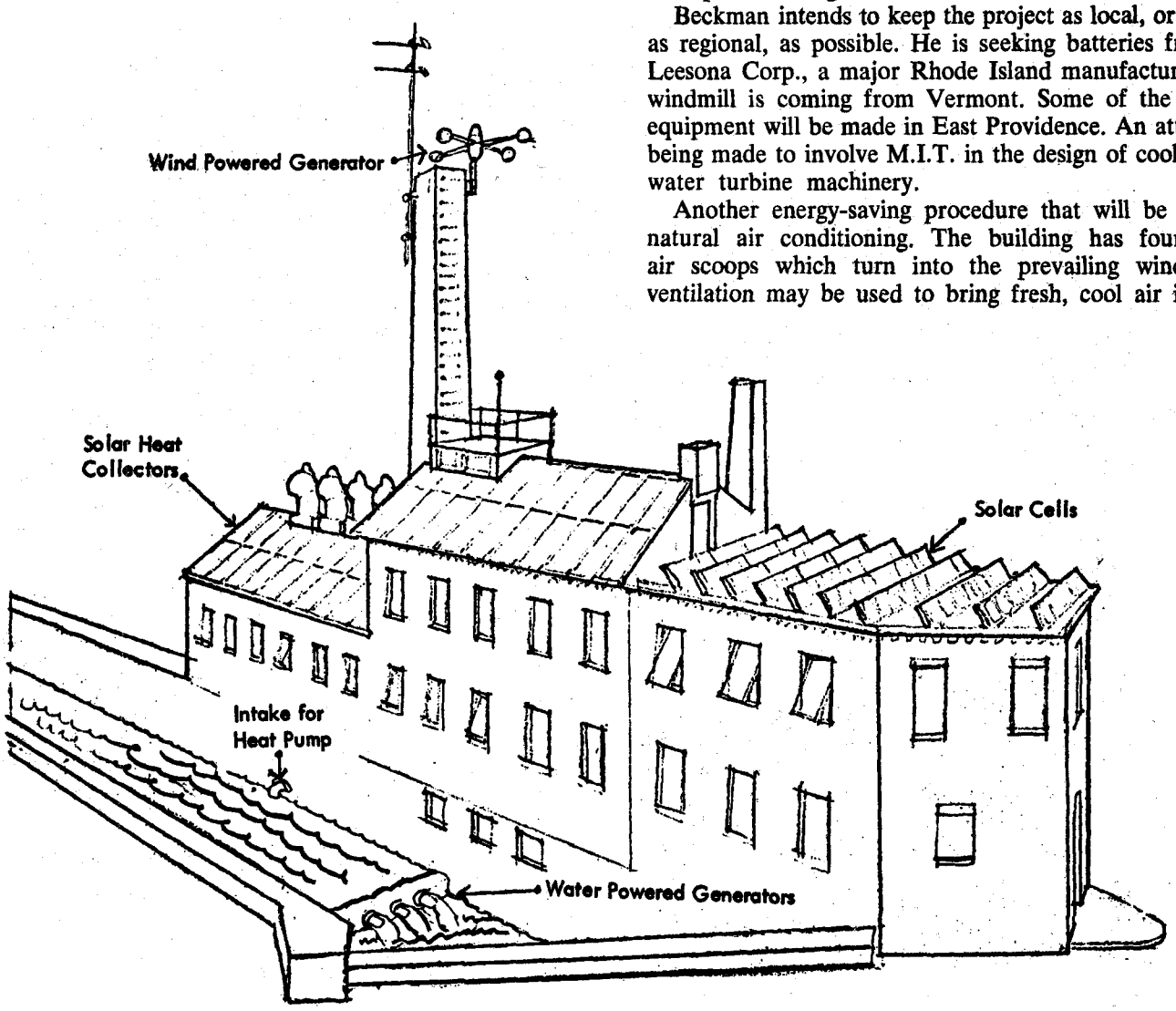
(*2*) A wind-powered generator of Australian design and with aeronautic features will be attached to the top of the chimney. The machine is highly efficient and "will not be the Grant Wood variety" seen on farms. It, too, will be connected to a battery storage system.

(*3*) A water turbine will be placed in the adjacent Moshassuck River, a heavily polluted but fast-flowing industrial river that empties into the Providence River, which is the northern end of Narragansett Bay. Beckman expects that the turbines will provide power daily.

(*4*) Two of the foundry's peaked roofs will be covered with solar collectors or trays. The heat-absorbing, black-lined "coffins" will transfer the sun's heat to a water system that will be recycled constantly. The water pipes will carry the heat through the building and will be used for absorption cooling.

Beckman intends to keep the project as local, or at least as regional, as possible. He is seeking batteries from the Leesona Corp., a major Rhode Island manufacturer. The windmill is coming from Vermont. Some of the heating equipment will be made in East Providence. An attempt is being made to involve M.I.T. in the design of cooling and water turbine machinery.

Another energy-saving procedure that will be tried is natural air conditioning. The building has four metal air scoops which turn into the prevailing wind. This ventilation may be used to bring fresh, cool air into the



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foundry's new offices. In addition, standard energy conservation steps will be taken. All entrances will have vestibules. Heavier and thicker than usual insulation will be used throughout the structure. All windows will be double-paned.

The aim of all this work is to show that energy conservation works and that other forms of nonpolluting power are available for homes and firms. That is one reason why Beckman wants to put a "nuclear energy cell" in the basement that runs the length of the old foundry. He said it would be the type that is used on ocean buoys. "I have no objection to putting it in the basement to run the aircraft signal light on the chimney," Beckman said, noting that this might "get the public accustomed to a nuclear reactor in downtown Providence."

Asked if this was a publicity stunt in view of the increasing attacks on the reliability and safety of reactors, Beckman replied: "It is in the best interest of the power companies—they are having a terrible time proving nuclear power acceptable. There is a scatter concept to what I'm saying," by which he means that he wants to show that power sources do not have to be large, centralized and polluting. The overall project "isn't just a stunt," Beckman declared. "There are immediate applications to housing. The problem has been in storage and the public's willingness to support this. Solar voltaic energy is so expensive. Can it be mass-produced to the point where costs will drop?"

Dr. Loferski agreed that solar power is too expensive for broad application now, but added that the cost is going down quickly. He said that silicon solar cells now cost about $20 a watt, but that Textron says they will be available within a year at $5 a watt. "We'll need a few kilowatts in the building. I can't argue that it is economically sensible. You pay $10,000 to put it on a [2,000-square-foot, suburban, six-room] house. We are showing the technology—what can be done. The price has to be squeezed down to 10¢ to 20¢ a watt to be competitive."

But Loferski thinks that solar power will become economically feasible faster than most people expected a few years ago. If that typical six-room house had its roof covered with solar cells, he said, it would be a "net exporter of power."

Solar collectors, for heat, would have to cover 10 square yards to produce 1 kilowatt. By covering a third of the suburban house, "it would supply most of its heating and cooling" at a cost of $4 a square foot.

Beckman and Dr. Loferski pointed out that the technology is here but is not being used extensively. "All this stuff is available right now," said Beckman. "It is all off the shelf. None has to be invented. The windmill can be bought for $1,800." Loferski said that a pile of standard lead acid batteries costing some $600 would be needed to store electricity for his typical suburban residence. It would occupy less than 50 cubic feet. Some other devices are limited in their application for domestic and commercial use. The windmill is "questionable" and the water turbines are "peculiar" to sites adjacent to a stream.

The heat storage system connected with the solar collectors will use either water or salts. Experiments are being carried out in which air conditioners are run during off-peak hours to "freeze" special salts. The salts retain their coldness until they are needed the next day, thus providing air conditioning during the hottest part of the day without causing a drain on power facilities.

Dr. Loferski sees the foundry as a "continuing project for evaluating systems." One of those systems may include heat pumps, which require only 1 kilowatt of energy to make 2 kilowatts of power. Heat pumps are highly efficient but costly to operate and difficult to maintain.

The fact that the energy project is slated for the foundry is a miracle of another form of conservation. The foundry was part of a five-mill complex centered upon the massive Eagle Mills. The American Screw Co., after 100 years of occupancy, moved to Connecticut in 1950. The buildings were then used by several commercial firms and finally abandoned.

They were then taken over by the Providence Redevelopment Agency which had razed the surrounding industrial district for one of the city's largest urban renewal projects. Randall Square had been eyed by investors for years because it is within walking distance of downtown Providence, the Statehouse and the fashionable East Side, home of Brown University.

The Moshassuck Square Development Co., brainchild of another Providence architect, William Warner, wanted to save the buildings as the center of a residential/commercial/artistic "town within a town" reconstruction. During this planning, the Bay State Mill, built in 1873, was demolished to make way for a parking lot for a new medical office building. A row of historic warehouses was destroyed by fire in 1970. Last year, vandals set a fire that destroyed two more mills and damaged the foundry. Despite the setbacks, the remaining complex has been named to the National Register of Historic Places.

As with most urban renewal projects, plans changed as money became tight and the Department of Housing and Urban Development withdrew its support. That occurred as new apartments were being constructed and renovations of the existing mills had been started. The George B. H. Macomber Construction Co., one of the developers, suggested that to reduce costs the fire-damaged Eagle Mill and foundry be demolished.

At that point, Beckman got five business and preservation leaders to form Stillman-White Associates, which bought the foundry, with the city's approval, for $10,928. Two of the leaders are trustees of the institute—Michael P. Metcalf, executive vice president of the Providence Journal Co., which publishes the state's largest daily, and Frank Mauran 3rd, president of the Providence Preservation Society.

In a sort of benevolent interlocking directorship, the other expected major participants in the energy conservation station are connected with the institute. Brown University, Narragansett Electric and Textron have officers who are trustees of Beckman's outfit. G. William Miller, Textron's chief executive officer, is a founder of the institute.

In addition to the twin reasons for saving and using the old foundry, Beckman sees an ethical purpose. "Morally," he concluded, "in our heating and cooling, we do not want to contribute to air and water pollution." □

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SNEAKING UP ON THE PRESS

NIXON'S 'OFFICIAL SECRETS ACT'

RICHARD CRILEY

Chicago

Few Americans are aware that despite Watergate, the Nixon Administration is pressing to enact a sweeping plan for press censorship that would be more damaging than the infamous "Alien and Sedition Laws" denounced by Thomas Jefferson. It would be tragic if, preoccupied with impeachment and other issues, we overlooked the closely related question of the Administration's draft for a new criminal code, of which the "Official Secrets Act" is a part. While not an impeachable act to propose such legislation, the Nixon 336-page Criminal Code Reform Act (S. 1400; H.R. 6046) provides detailed evidence of the Administration's intent to subvert the substance of our constitutional system.

The President has twice appeared before the nation to urge passage of this "law and order" bill. His State of the Union message of March 14, 1973, of which the central core was an outline of the draft code, typifies the President's lack of candor. He described the bill as a "refinement" of the work done by the bipartisan National Commission on Reform of the Federal Criminal Laws, which under the chairmanship of former California Gov. Pat Brown labored from 1966 to 1971 to produce a draft for a new code. While bearing a superficial resemblance to the Brown commission's majority report, S. 1400 is worlds apart in its underlying philosophy on crime and punishment and in its attack upon the Bill of Rights.

In describing the bill, the President dealt only with its anti-crime aspects: the stepped-up scale of punishment, the mandatory death penalty (also embodied in a separate bill, S. 1401) and the new insanity provisions. A major factor undermining the "stability of our society," he declared, was the "growing sense of permissiveness in America."

It is no accident that a drastic institutional change to control excessive "permissiveness" begins with an attack upon freedom of the press. The experience of authoritarian government has been that control of information is the major factor in the control of society, and that freedom of information is the greatest obstacle in the path of a would-be tyrant. Such exposés as My Lai, the Pentagon Papers and Watergate have helped to redirect the recent political history of our country. Nixon's hostility toward the press is more than subjective; his consistent path toward authoritarian power has led to an inevitable confrontation with the First Amendment's freedom of the press.

The President's proposal for ridding himself of this problem is clearly displayed in S. 1400 and H.R. 6046. Eight sections deal directly with the accessibility of government information, and have become known collectively as the Nixon "Official Secrets Act." Four of the provisions derive from espionage laws, designed primarily to deprive a wartime enemy of such military information as troop movements and cryptographic codes. But decades of the cold war and undeclared wars have gradually transformed the initially limited concept of military information into a blanket of secrecy broad enough to cover a vast area of government information essential to self-governing citizens of a democratic society. S. 1400's definition of "information relating to the national defense" includes information, regardless of origin, relating to some ten categories. In addition to the obvious military and atomic subjects, these include unspecified "intelligence of the United States" and "the conduct of foreign relations affecting the national defense." Jack C. Landau from Newhouse News Service, a lawyer and journalist who represented the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press before a Senate subcommittee hearing, testified in exasperation: "It would be easier to ask, under the Administration proposal, what information regarding foreign affairs would not subject a newsman to a criminal prosecution."

Three sections of S. 1400 propose a graduated scale of punishment for the person who, without authorization, communicates "information relating to the national defense." The maximum offense, *Espionage*, Section 1121, requires the intent that such information be used "to the prejudice of the safety or interest of the United States or to the advantage of a foreign power." In this, it follows existing law and the drafts of the Brown commission. It adds to the intent clause, however, the significant alternative phrase "or with knowledge that it may be used," thus transforming a crime normally associated with spying by agents of a foreign power into a means of press censorship. It would, for example, be clearly applicable to such instances as the publication of the Pentagon Papers, since it is a fair presumption that *The New York Times* "may be" read by officials in Peking, Moscow and Havana.

This redefined and potentially "political" crime of *Espionage* is one of the four categories of offenses in S. 1400 for which the death sentence may be mandatory. In peacetime, and where the revelations are deemed less sensitive, the maximum penalty is thirty years in prison and a fine of $100,000.

Disclosing National Defense Information, Section 1122, is a second-degree espionage law, vastly broadened in its coverage by the omission of any intent clause whatsoever. The offense consists of knowingly communicating information relating to the national defense to any person "not authorized to receive it." It would cover such a news story as Jack Anderson's revelation of Administration policy to tip the scales toward Pakistan in its war with India. Any leak and publication of information within the wide definitions of the statute, regardless of motivation, could subject the offender in wartime or

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a national emergency to fifteen years in prison and a fine of $100,000; at other times to seven years and $50,000.

Mishandling National Defense Information, Section 1123, would punish public officials who "recklessly" permit the loss, destruction, theft or unauthorized communication of defense information in their possession. To plug still tighter any possible leaks of information, the section contains a novel provision of seven years in prison and a $50,000 fine for any unauthorized person who, upon receiving defense information, fails to deliver it promptly to the proper federal officer.

Disclosing Classified Information, Section 1124, attempts to bridge the gap between the espionage law and the government's document classification system. Congress has never directly authorized the classification of documents, although by inference several laws recognize that it is being done by Executive order. Since it lacks explicit statutory sanction, no punishment beyond administrative discipline may be imposed for a violation per se of the classification system. Under existing law, a criminal prosecution must prove that the revelation of information was prejudicial to national security, a requirement which became a major stumbling block in the Ellsberg case. Section 1124 would solve this problem with the provision: "It is not a defense . . . that the classified information was improperly classified at the time of its classification or at the time of the offense."

Section 1124 locks the door to any public knowledge of the content of the millions of classified documents in government archives until such time as an administration may decide to reveal them. Under previous administrations, the penchant for secrecy reached the absurdity of classifying documents on the flight of migratory birds, and the use of the bow and arrow (an Army Ordnance report on "silent, flashless weapons"). At present, 16,238 federal employees in forty-seven executive departments and agencies are authorized to classify documents. Section 1124 would be a license for the government to classify anything and everything it pleased.

Most public discussion of the Official Secrets Act has been limited to these four sections, which possess in common the justification that they are required to protect national security. That is not true of the following four sections, each of which creates a form of press censorship in a deceptive, partially hidden manner.

Theft, Section 1731, and its companion, *Receiving Stolen Property*, Section 1732, appear on the surface to be no more than routine codifications of the multiple, overlapping offenses in existing law which deal with misappropriation of property. The text of 1731 looks noncontroversial and is similar to the Brown commission draft: "A person is guilty of an offense if he knowingly takes or exercises unauthorized control over or makes unauthorized use, disposition or transfer . . . of property of another. . . . There is a federal jurisdiction . . . if . . . the property is owned by, or is under the care, custody or control of the United States. . . ."

What provides an unexpected dimension to this offense is the definition of "property" to be found in the general definitions appearing in the introductory section of the

Press Conference

draft code, where it is stated that "property" includes "intellectual property or information, by whatever means preserved." In these words is hidden the monstrous concept that all information in possession of the government, although paid for by the taxpayer and collected by public servants in the course of public duty, is transformed into the private property of the government bureaucracy. Were it not for the history of the Pentagon Papers and the Ellsberg-Russo cases, one might believe that this inference was unintended and accidental. In the oral arguments in 1970, before the U.S. Court of Appeals and the U.S. Supreme Court in the Pentagon Papers case, the Justice Department stated that the executive branch has a common law proprietary interest in government reports and that their unauthorized publication constituted theft of government property. The same concept reappeared in the later indictments of Anthony Russo and Daniel Ellsberg. The Administration view that "property" includes the information itself was made clear in the government's trial brief: "The content of such . . . documents is itself property, quite apart from the government's ownership of the sheets of paper on which it is reported." Having lost this argument in the courts, the Administration is now attempting to secure its point by explicit legislation.

To make doubly sure that the twin offenses of *Theft* and *Receiving Stolen Property* would apply to the publication of all unauthorized government information, the "intent" clause in existing law was dropped from the draft code, as well as the requirement of a minimum monetary value—since this would be difficult to apply to a published news item. Morton Kondracke, a *Chicago Sun-Times* Washington reporter, was one of the first to

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discover the implications of the new definition of property. In an interview, Ronald L. Gainer, who drafted this section for the Justice Department, made clear that reporters to whom information had been leaked could indeed be prosecuted under Section 1732 (*Sun-Times*, April 12, 1973). Under Sections 1731 and 1732 both the informant and the reporter would be subject to criminal prosecution for the unauthorized publication of any information derived from government documents, without regard to classification or substance.

Obstructing a Government Function by Fraud, Section 1301, also has roots in the unsuccessful prosecution of Ellsberg. The indictment attempted without statutory foundation to construct a novel crime—"to defraud the United States . . . by impairing, obstructing and defeating its lawful government function of controlling the dissemination of . . . government studies, reports, memoranda and communications." To remedy the defect in its case, the Administration has tailored a new offense for future need: "A person is guilty of an offense if he intentionally obstructs, impairs, or perverts a government function by defrauding the government in any manner." Thus Section 1301 would provide a further basis for prosecution of the investigative reporter who exposed scandalous conduct and misdeeds on the basis of confidential material leaked to him from government sources.

One final section (1742), *Unauthorized Use of a Writing*, is a rewrite of a forgery-related statute involving fraudulent use of documents like money orders, bonds, passports, citizenship papers and securities. As S.1400 defines it, "A person is guilty of an offense if with intent to deceive or harm a government or person . . . he knowingly . . . possesses a writing which has been issued without authority." The definition of a "writing," in contrast to the limited scope of present law, is extended to the maximum of inclusiveness: "any paper, document, or other instrument containing written or printed matter or its equivalent."

Jack Landau, Robert Maynard, associate editor of *The Washington Post*, and Robert Jordan, former general counsel for the Army, appearing before the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee in behalf of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, summarized their objections to the Official Secrets Act as follows: "Taken together, the Administration's proposals—for prosecutions of 'theft,' 'fraud,' 'receiving stolen property,' 'espionage' and 'disclosing national defense information'—would establish new and unprecedented criminal censorship powers against the press for publishing newsworthy government information and would amount to the press licensing, criminal libel and Crown Copyright system which the Framers of the Constitution sought to eliminate in the First Amendment."

If the Official Secrets Act were the only serious defect of the Administration's draft criminal code, the legislative problem of amending the bill by omitting or redrafting these sections would not present an insurmountable problem. Unfortunately, S. 1400's treatment of the First Amendment freedoms of assembly, association, speech and petition is equivalent to its negation of freedom of the press. For example, the Smith Act, which became a dead letter as a result of Supreme Court decisions in the late 1950s, is revived to circumvent the opinions in *Yates, Scales, Noto* and other cases. *Inciting Overthrow or Destruction of the Government*, Section 1103, would punish advocacy which "incites others to engage in conduct which . . . at some future time would facilitate the overthrow" of the government, or active membership in "an organization which has as a purpose . . . [such] incitement. . . ." Title III, #209, explicitly permits the mass arrest of demonstrators within sight or sound of the President by the ingenious device of declaring them to be trespassers upon a "Temporary Residence of the President." To excise or amend the scores of provisions doing violence to the Bill of Rights and *due process* would be the legislative equivalent of cleaning the Augean stables.

Aside from its massive violations of civil liberties, S. 1400 is the embodiment of all that is punitive, vengeful and retrogressive in the Nixonian philosophy of crime and punishment. (For a detailed critique of these aspects of S. 1400, see Prof. Louis B. Schwartz's article, "The Proposed Federal Criminal Code," *The Criminal Law Reporter*, Vol. 3, No. 14, July 4, 1973.)

The need for a new criminal code is generally recognized, and hearings on the subject have been going on in the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Criminal Law and Procedures since last spring, though Sen. John L. McClellan's original timetable for reporting out a bill in October was frustrated by Watergate. Unfortunately, the only drafts now before the subcommittee are S. 1400, co-sponsored by Senators McClellan and Roman L. Hruska, the senior Democrat and Republican respectively, and S.1, with the same co-sponsors plus Sen. Sam Ervin, Jr. S.1 represents the views of the conservative minority who worked on the Brown commission. In addition to sharing similar underlying philosophy, S.1 embodies many of the civil libertarian defects of S. 1400.

It is ironic that the majority recommendations of the Brown commission, although its comprehensive studies have been cited as the authority for both S. 1400 and S.1, have not been introduced into the Senate. In the minds of many Senators and Congressmen, a revised bill is so urgently needed that one will probably be reported out in the present session. Since few Senators who are not members of the subcommittee are likely to have any detailed knowledge of the massive statute before it comes to a Senate vote, it seems probable that if a modified version of S. 1400, or an amalgam of S. 1400 and S.1, reaches the floor, it will pass. In his State of the Union message submitted to Congress on January 31, President Nixon again called upon Congress to "act expeditiously in reforming our criminal code."

House Judiciary Subcommittee hearings have not yet begun. The Administration bill, H.R. 6046, is identical to S. 1400, and is sponsored by all but one of the Republican members of the Judiciary Committee. The equivalent of S.1 has not been introduced, but two liberal Democrats, Robert Kastenmeier and Don Edwards, have introduced the proposals of the Brown commission's majority as H.R. 10047. There are some serious civil liberties defects in this bill also, although in most cases they are defects repeated from existing statutes. Taken as a

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whole, H.R. 10047 is a vastly better draft code than either S. 1400, H.R. 6046 or S.1. Louis B. Schwartz of the University of Pennsylvania Law School, who served as the national director of the Brown commission, strongly urges "restoring some of the major proposals of the Brown commission" to the draft of a new code.

It would be helpful if one or more members of the Senate Judiciary Committee would introduce a Senate equivalent of H.R. 10047, to give members a documentary basis for exposing the Administration's demagogic misuse of the prestige of the Brown commission to push its own far different proposals. That would also provide a basis for the liberals of both houses to call for additional hearings and block passage of S. 1400, S.1, or a combination of both.

One cannot overstate how important it is that citizens express themselves on the subject of the revision. It is imperative that Senators and Representatives hear from their constituents on the matter. Outside of the two subcommittees, even alert and liberal members of both houses show an alarming ignorance of the full content of the Administration bill. In the past, it has been possible to defeat some repressive legislation because it appeared as a single bill which could be readily targeted and explained. On the other hand, such repressive measures as "no knock" entry, preventive detention, "special dangerous offenders" provisions, and the extension of wiretapping were passed as sections of omnibus "anti-crime" bills. S. 1400 is a much longer, more complex piece of legislation than these, with hundreds of proposed statutes; it requires a section-by-section analysis of 336 pages of text.

In each case, this involves comparing alternative drafts, the provisions of the present criminal code, and a review of case law which has modified the interpretation of existing statutes. If, through public ignorance or Congressional irresponsibility, the Administration proposals were to become the law of the land, we would find ourselves living under the advancing shadow of a police state, with no potential for recovery by such exposures as Watergate and such liberating courtroom victories as in the Harrisburg and Ellsberg-Russo cases.

This need not happen. With the collapse of Nixon's "silent majority," new emerging political forces could insure the defeat of S. 1400. Beyond that, we should move forward to secure passage of a new criminal code which conforms to our concepts of freedom and justice. By this means, or by separate enactment, the repressive laws of the cold war and "law and order" era could be erased from the books. We are approaching the time which the late Justice Hugo Black foresaw when, "in accordance with our traditions and our Constitution, we will have the confidence and courage to be free." □

PORTUGAL'S THREE MARIAS

ANTONIO de FIGUEIREDO

London

A current act of repression by the regime in Portugal has incurred the wrath of the most militant international women's liberation groups. The authorities have banned a book by three Portuguese women of letters who, like so many of their fellow countrymen before them, now face legal proceedings for their literary endeavors.

The book, *New Portuguese Letters*, is a joint collection of essays, poems and comments on the condition of women, published in 1972 by Maria Isabel Barreno, Maria Teresa Horta and Maria Velho da Costa. The title and the concept of the book make ironic reference to five classic missives known as *Letters by a Portuguese Nun* and allegedly written in the 1670s by a certain Soror Mariana do Alcoforado to her lover, a young French officer who had served in Portugal. Apparently, although the romantic nun does not complain of this, he had returned to his country without rescuing her from the convent where she had been confined against her will—most probably by her father.

The *New Letters*, regarded by some who have read the original Portuguese text as a milestone in women's liberation writing, do indeed present a shocking contrast in feeling and attitude to the lyrical, somewhat masochistic epistles, secretly written with goose quill by the 17th-century nun. Instead of exalting the *machismo* of a mysteriously irresistible army officer, the new imaginary letters contain brutal descriptions of incestuous rape by a father, the revengeful homicide of a male after sex, and cruel remarks on those who hide their impotence in the cult of bullfighting and motor racing.

Erotic and emotional poems alternate with sober but equally disturbing references to those provisions of the Law Code which perpetuate the second-class condition of women in a country where the vote was only recently extended to all literate adult females—and then only after Portugal's "higher house," the Corporative Chamber, had issued a resolution concluding that "it has been verified that women are more conservative than men, and much more afraid of adventure and change." But undoubtedly the passages that most alarmed the authorities are those rallying the women guerrillas of Africa, or the invented letters from husbands separated from their wives by conscript service in the colonial wars in Guinea-Bissau, Angola and Mozambique, or working as immigrant laborers in the EEC countries and elsewhere.

Inevitably, and with the same kind of poetic justice that obtains in the case of Solzhenitsyn, official persecution has been the best form of promotion and pub-

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licity. The trial proceedings against the three joint women authors and their publishers have already been postponed four times, without advance warning, much to the frustration of international observers who had gone to Lisbon in the hope of attending the court hearing. And ever since militant international feminist groups rose up in support of the three writers—they became internationally known as the "Three Marias"—since they share that first name, with millions of other oppressed Iberian women.

Leaders of feminist groups, lawyers and publishers' representatives from Europe and the United States converged again on Lisbon on January 31, hoping to attend the opening of the trial. Since then the case has been adjourned at regular weekly intervals. If it does come to trial, it is likely to be protracted and will probably end in a light sentence, or even an expedient "amnesty," in an attempt to avoid further publicity. But that will now come too late, as translations of the book are to appear in half a dozen countries, including the United States and Britain later in the year.

Ironically, this time it is Portuguese male writers who have reason to entertain sexist envy. Although the case of the "Three Marias" has been the most widely publicized outside Portugal, theirs is by no means the only, or even the most recent case of state persecution against writers in Portugal.

Other current cases involve *A Funda* (The Catapult), a book of chronicles on Portuguese contemporary life by Artur Portela Filho, and a more direct political essay, "Towards a Socialist Democracy," by Sottomayor Cardia, a leading opponent of the regime.

The reprint of a prize-winning book of short stories, *Luanda*, by Luandino Vieira, which describes conditions in the slums of Angola's bustling capital, has also brought persecution to the author and his publishers. Luandino Vieira is the pseudonym of a young Portuguese-born Angolan white who was released last year after having served a ten-year sentence for Angolan nationalist activities in a dread "labor camp" in the Cape Verde Islands. An even stranger case concerns the publication of a political essay by Bento Gonçalves, a well-known anti-Fascist leader, who died in a concentration camp in the same islands in the late 1930s. The text, originally published in Paris, was discovered only recently, and those who brought it to Portugal for publication have also met with persecution at a court in Oporto.

Apart from the difference that the authors of *New Portuguese Letters* are women, the distinction in legal technicalities is that, while the "Three Marias" are being charged with "obscenity," their male fellow countrymen of letters are being variously accused of failure to present advance copies of their books to the censors, clandestine publishing, or expressing views regarded as subversive and defamatory of the authorities.

The ironies in the situation, however, do not end here. Although the Portuguese press is running extensive syndicated features on well-known foreign cases, such as those of Solzhenitsyn and other Soviet intellectuals, they have made hardly any mention of these Portuguese cases. Yet the publication abroad of *New Letters*, or any of the other books under attack, could bring further and even more serious charges. Under Article 149 of the Portuguese Penal Code, publication outside Portugal of statements defamatory of the "good name of the country," or of the authorities, is punishable by sentences from two to eight years in prison. □

EDISON vs. PUBLIC POWER

THE SQUEEZE IN CALIFORNIA

THOMAS BROM

Oakland, Calif.

For sixty years, the Los Angeles basin has been a battleground for public and private electric utilities. City-owned systems of two types exist side by side with the huge Southern California Edison Company, vying for fuel supplies, refinery service, customers and ultimate supremacy in Southern California. They've had territory battles before—refereed by the state Public Utilities Commission, the Federal Power Commission, the legislature and the courts—but none to compare with the scramble for scarce low-sulfur oil that began early this winter.

The municipal power utilities of the Los Angeles basin are anomalies in Southern California, being surrounded by the vast service territory of the Southern California Edison Company. SCE consolidated most of the lower third of California when it purchased the holdings of thirteen private utilities in 1909, but several of the existing municipal systems refused to sell their distribution systems, built with public money and even then able to deliver power at lower cost than the private companies.

As the population of Southern California grew, however, power demand rose to the point where some of the municipal systems had to buy power wholesale from Edison. Colton, Riverside, Anaheim and Azusa—all with city utilities built in the 1890s—became wholly dependent on privately generated power.

Water was the key to electric utility independence in the central Los Angeles basin. The city of Los Angeles bought the local water company in 1902, built an aqueduct to the Sierra Nevada and developed an electric power system with dams along the route. The smaller power systems of Pasadena, Glendale and Burbank were all able to acquire federal hydro power from the Hoover Dam project in 1937. Subsequently, they built their own steam generation plants. These four greater Los Angeles

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cities are the only Southern California public systems with power generation capability.

Both the generating and the purchasing municipal systems were caught in this winter's power shortage. Cities that generate their own power had the immediate problem of disappearing fuel supplies. But the cities that bought power wholesale from Edison for retail distribution were even more desperate, trapped by Edison's pricing and with no other source.

A year ago, no one in Los Angeles thought much about a power crisis. Then a series of disasters struck first at the power-generating utilities—and the municipal systems hardest of all. In August, the Federal Power Commission drastically curtailed deliveries of natural gas to Southern California for purposes of power generation. It ordered El Paso Natural Gas, instead of piping supplies to the Southern California Gas Co. for resale to the utilities, to give preference to residential customers in Arizona—an order that El Paso was only too happy to obey.

Thereupon, the Los Angeles Board of Water and Power Commissioners contracted for low-sulfur oil to burn in the city's generators. The only oil then available came from the Mideast, so the commissioners took that. The Arab oil embargo in October knocked out 48 per cent of the city's fuel supply overnight, and its only firm source of electricity was the federal Bonneville Dam Project along the Columbia River, which sent power south via the Pacific Intertie to supply 10 per cent of the city's needs. But long periods of drought in the Northwest had been followed by an early and massive cold wave. Streams that fed the Columbia froze, drastically reducing the runoff that supplied the Bonneville reservoirs. Coming at a time when its customers in the Northwest were drawing heavily on Bonneville for additional heat, the reduction in power forced it to cut all service to the Southland.

In mid-November, the Los Angeles commissioners convened in panic. They had been told by Department of Water and Power engineers that the city had fuel for its steam generators only until March 1. Faced with energy starvation for the city's 1.1 million customers, the officials produced a sweeping, five-phase Emergency Energy Curtailment Program in less than three days.

First step provisions, which went into effect immediately, included mandatory power cutbacks of 10 per cent for residential and industrial users, and 20 per cent for commercial users. Penalties for violations ranged from a 50 per cent surcharge on customer bills and short-term blackouts to service discontinuance for a month.

Phases two through five would raise mandatory curtailments as high as 33 per cent, cut business hours, sanction the burning of high-sulfur oil, and finally resort to rolling blackouts.

The nearby cities of Burbank, Glendale and Pasadena —all of which generate their own power—enacted similar ordinances. Burbank raised the immediate mandatory cutback to 30 per cent for industrial and commercial users, including Lockheed Aircraft and NBC Studios. Glendale and Pasadena added $500 fines and jail sentences for offenders.

Glendale, assured of low-sulfur oil deliveries only through January 10, applied for and received a variance from the L.A. Air Pollution Control District to burn conventional high-sulfur oil. Pasadena, Burbank and Los Angeles followed, with APCD approval awaiting the result of a desperate attempt to find low-sulfur supplies.

Meanwhile, Southern California Edison, whose territory extends from San Diego north to Santa Barbara and east to the Nevada border, laid low. Edison had long-term contracts extending through 1976 for Indonesian oil—low in sulfur and at bargain prices on the world market. Along with Pacific Gas and Electric, Edison had a near monopoly of Indonesian supplies. Edison has been building massive storage facilities for the past five years. By the end of 1974, the company will be able to store 25 million barrels, a four-to-five-month supply. Half of that capacity has been built since 1972.

Although Edison has sold the Los Angeles DWP modest amounts of its excess power, the company preferred not to get involved. It was in a position to watch the four Los Angeles basin municipals squirm. Edison had made repeated attempts to buy the smaller systems, and took no small satisfaction from seeing Los Angeles DWP, largest of the nation's 2,000 public power systems, scramble for oil shipments on the world market.

"It's been difficult for us to do business," says Los Angeles Chief Engineer William Sells. "We have a harder time obtaining oil because of the traditional relationships between the privately owned power companies and the privately owned oil companies. We're just not part of the team."

The cities that bought from Edison at wholesale fared even worse. On January 2, Edison filed a petition with the FPC asking for a 20.1 per cent base rate increase, and a 15.5 per cent fuel cost adjustment. Anaheim utilities director, Gordon Hoyt, says: "When this is coupled with the increase of 52.5 per cent which became effective last September, and the 12 per cent increase of November 1971, it means we'll be paying 300 per cent of what we were paying in October of 1971."

To protect the city from takeover attempts by a private utility, Anaheim's city charter reads that utility rates within the city cannot be higher than Edison rates in the surrounding areas. Hoyt plans to abide by that clause, but it means that his system must absorb the costs it cannot pass on. "That's going to cost this city revenue," he says. "We contributed 18 per cent of our gross revenues to the city in 1972-73. Now, our support will be reduced by about $230,000 a month.

"What really burns me is that if we were an industrial customer of Edison, instead of a wholesale municipal buyer, we would pay considerably less for our power. I haven't done the statistics for Anaheim, but Riverside estimates in their case they would pay 16 per cent less if they were an industry.

"The effect is that Edison puts a price squeeze on us. With our rates higher than [those for] their industrial customers, Anaheim will be unable to compete for very large industries. We can't sell power to them for less than we pay for it. Sure, Edison's screwing us. I have accused their vice presidents of doing exactly that."

So the public power cities in Southern California are caught in a whipsaw—scarce oil supplies at outrageous

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prices for those that generate power, and rapidly escalating rates for those that buy power wholesale. Either way, Edison comes up the winner.

But it isn't just because of Edison that the public utilities are in trouble. Some of the difficulties were of their own making, and some were forced by competing energy industries. The municipals have learned a lot in the past year, and with any luck they will emerge stronger and more united for all their problems.

Public power cities have a ninety-year history of surviving adversity. Born of Populist, reform and progressive reaction to the excesses of private utilities, they have grown used to corporate collusion with government and the courts.

As a group of nearly 3,000, they weathered the onslaught of Samuel Insull's power trust in the 1920s, when the industry-backed National Electric Light Association (NELA) sponsored a massive propaganda campaign against "Socialist" electric utilities, coordinated takeover moves and blocked public agencies from all access to capital. By the time Federal Trade Commission hearings could expose these practices in the late 1920s, the number of public power systems had declined to less than 1,900.

Led by its greatest champions, the public power movement enjoyed a renaissance with the coming of the New Deal. Sens. George Norris, Robert LaFollette and editor Carl D. Thompson finally pushed TVA through Congress after a decade of lobbying. Harold Ickes' Public Works Administration built federal dams across the country, financed eighty new municipal power systems in ten years, and made countless low-interest loans available to city governments. Congress passed the Rural Electrification Act in 1935, allowing farmer cooperatives to bring electric power to that 90 per cent of rural America whose homes were unserved, indeed avoided, by private utilities. Huge federal hydroelectric projects spawned hundreds of municipal systems in the Tennessee Valley, along the Columbia River in the Northwest and down the length of the Missouri. George Norris' home state of Nebraska became the first in the country to have completely public power.

But the private utilities quickly regrouped to contain the municipal systems. The Edison Electric Institute replaced the discredited NELA, and formal lobbying groups were organized in Washington. For the next forty years, public and private utilities held their ground in an uneasy stand-off.

The benefits of municipal, county or district power companies have been trumpeted for decades, and they are no less pertinent today. Public power systems are built with low-interest, tax-exempt bonds. The agencies are not required to pay federal, state or local taxes, although virtually all make substantial payments in lieu of taxes. Over the years, public systems have consistently paid less than the private utility for advertising, less for public relations, less for lobbying, less for political donations, less for accounting and collections, less for executive salaries and less for internal bureaucracy. The result, year in and year out for the past ninety years, has been lower rates and a high degree of public accountability.

Public power cities do have their problems. Most of them have to fight continuously for bond measures to enable capital improvement and the development of new power sources. Management has a tendency to become entrenched in city bureaucracy, and lack of size keeps the public agencies in a weaker political position vis-à-vis the investor-owned utilities.

All of these problems came to haunt the Los Angeles basin municipal power departments this winter. Their lack of national political influence allowed El Paso Natural Gas to curtail supplies just as winter approached. The natural gas industry has been trying to force deregulation of its prices for years. At present those prices can range higher for gas welled, piped and burned within one state than for gas transported across state boundaries. The Federal Power Commission takes jurisdiction on interstate shipments. Thus El Paso would much rather sell its gas where it is found in Texas and Arizona, than pipe it into Southern California. "It's a safe assumption to make that this cutoff is an attempt to make us allies in the move to de-regulate natural gas," says Richard Young of the Glendale Public Service Department.

Natural gas curtailment for power generation was also a boon to the oil companies, that were the obvious alternative source of fuel. General Motors, Shell Oil and the Southwest Gas Corporation were among those who opposed the DWP petition for relief from the FPC ruling.

Utility size immediately became a factor in the scramble to buy and store oil. Before the natural gas curtailment, the four power generating cities in the Los Angeles basin relied on oil as a backup fuel. They maintained small storage capacities, bought small quantities of oil on public bid and specification, and dealt almost exclusively with small, local oil companies. The international oil giants weren't interested in these markets; the quantities were trivial, and they didn't like the public bid process.

With the Arab oil embargo, both the oil supplies and the small suppliers dried up. "Our supplier was Carson Oil," says Pasadena Power Department engineer Jerry Lohr. "But they went out of business in October. We have a contract now with the company that absorbed them, Golden Eagle Refinery, for conventional high-sulfur oil. The contract's got a cancellation clause in it in case the Air Pollution Control District won't let us burn it."

All four of the public systems had to secure special powers from their city councils to suspend public bidding and to negotiate on the world market for oil. "When you get out into the world market," comments William Sells of the Los Angeles DWP, "you're bidding against Japan and Western Europe as well as the other utilities in the United States. We're dealing through brokers on the world market for the first time."

Buyers for the Los Angeles system have contracted small shipments of oil from Peru, Venezuela, Italy and Indonesia, with price tags from $18 to $25 per barrel. That's five times what the department paid a year ago, and has forced the issuance of $100 million in short-term bonds. The bond sale was the largest in the sixty-year history of the DWP.

Probably the most damaging effect of being both

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small and a public utility is the difficulty encountered in the development of alternative power sources. Both municipal systems, those that generate their own power and those that buy from Edison, desperately want to build generating and transmission facilities. Edison and Pacific Gas and Electric, among the top ten utilities in the nation, are not eager to help them.

The Los Angeles DWP has tried four times to build a nuclear plant, but has yet to begin construction. The Malibu plant was opposed by the Marblehead Land Company. Bolsa Island Nuclear Power and Desalting Plant was dropped due to cost when the AEC demanded additional safety devices. The site of the Tulare County plant was unsatisfactory because of unstable geological conditions. Finally, the DWP entered into joint-venture agreements with Edison and PG&E for a nuclear plant in the southern San Joaquin Valley, in PG&E's service territory. The most optimistic date for its completion is 1982.

Meanwhile, the DWP has been building joint-venture, coal-fired plants in Nevada and Arizona. Both the Mojave Power Project near the Colorado River and the Navajo Power Project at Page, Ariz. are fueled with strip-mined coal from Black Mesa. Two new coal-fired plants, the Arrow Project near Las Vegas and the Intermountain Project in southern Utah, are planned for the late 1970s.

Edison has been drawing huge quantities of power from its own coal plants at Four Corners, N.M., and from its 50 per cent share of the Mojave plant. But the embarrassments are especially acute for public agencies—supposedly more responsive to the public welfare—that excavate the Navajo and Hopi land at Black Mesa along with the private corporations.

The wholesale power buyers have found it even more difficult to enter the power generation field. Until a settlement agreement was signed last year, Anaheim and other wholesale buyers were Edison's captive customers. Because Edison refused to provide transmission service across its lines, the cities could not seek alternative power sources, and were held to ten-year service contracts.

Gordon Hoyt of Anaheim led the fight for emancipation. Anaheim intervened in two Edison hydroelectric relicensing projects, alleging that until the company stopped its anti-competitive activities it wasn't entitled to another fifty-year license to develop the resources of the United States. The city also intervened in a proceeding before the California Public Utilities Commission that involved construction of an Edison 500-kv transmission line. Anaheim asked that approval of the line be conditioned upon Edison providing transmission service to the city.

Anaheim also intervened in the license proceeding of the San Onofre nuclear power plant, demanding rights to participate in the construction and power resources of the Edison plant. Finally, Anaheim alleged before the PUC that because Edison prevented the city from obtaining transmission service, it was engaged in regional monopolistic practices in violation of the antitrust laws.

Edison was limited in the ways it could retaliate, because it was bound by the state PUC to supply Anaheim with power. The settlement agreement reached in 1973 not only granted a broad bill of rights to all wholesale buyers but included a cash payment as well. Anaheim, Riverside, Colton, Banning, Azusa and the others now have the right to wheel in power across Edison lines, the right to buy power from alternative sources, the right to participate in generation at the San Onofre plant, the Kaiparowits Coal plant in Utah and subsequent Edison projects, and the right to interconnection operations with Edison.

"Unfortunately," says Hoyt, "now that we have the rights, we don't have the power sources. We'll be involved in the Intermountain project eventually, but in the meantime, all the available power comes from Edison."

While the public power cities scramble for oil, gas, coal-fired plants and nuclear facilities, Southern California Edison has gone about developing its own alternative power sources. At the end of 1970, its effective operating capacity was 11 million kilowatts, or three times the capacity of the Los Angeles DWP. Construction projects over the next three years will add 2.5 million kilowatts, including 2.2 million from units #2 and #3 at San Onofre, 0.75 million from the Four Corners plants, and a million from Edison's share of the Mojave coal plants.

The company plans a second nuclear project at Vidal Junction, in California's high desert near the Colorado River. The plant will include Edison's first high-temperature, gas-cooled reactor. Mono Power Company, an Edison subsidiary, has entered into a joint exploration program with Union Pacific Railroad for uranium deposits on U.P. land in Wyoming, Colorado and Utah. Edison has invested heavily in Mountain Pacific Pipeline Ltd. and Pacific State Pipeline to buy and transport natural gas from Alaska's North Slope, British Columbia and the Canadian Northwest Territories.

With the success of PG&E geothermal operations at The Geysers in Northern California, Edison has applied for leases through Mono Power Company on about 25,000 acres of potentially steam-producing land in the Imperial Valley. Because of its size and wealth, the Edison company has been able to buy significant or controlling percentages of most non-hydro plants recently built or planned in the area. These include the Pacific Intertie, the Mojave, Four Corners and Kaiparowits coal plants, and the San Onofre and San Joaquin Valley nuclear projects.

Edison is the dominant participant in WEST—Western Supply and Transmission Associates—a power consortium of twenty-three private, state, municipal and federal utilities currently building a grid of six giant plants in the Southwest. Fueled primarily with Peabody Company strip-mined coal, the WEST plants will supply energy to the urban areas of Los Angeles, San Diego, Las Vegas, Flagstaff, Phoenix, Tucson, Albuquerque and El Paso.

By mid-January, public energy curtailment in the Los Angeles basin had reduced consumption by 17 per cent. Spot oil consignments from around the world had given the public generating utilities a sixty-day reserve, and promised supplies through summer. The DWP dropped plans to implement phase two of its curtailment program, and even postponed the use of penalties for customers in violation of the ordinance.

But there were other effects of the winter crisis as well. The sale of $100 million in bonds was only an interim answer to oil costs averaging $19.50 a barrel. DWP

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forecast a rate hike of at least 15 per cent to cover the increase, and further raises to compensate for the reduced revenues due to public curtailment. Burbank found itself partially rescinding its cutback program because it needed the money more than the saving of kilowatts. The larger question of alternative power sources was especially sobering for the municipals. With a shortage of capital and relatively small levels of consumption, they needed one another more than ever.

The Los Angeles DWP will probably be able to compete with Edison in the near future because of its size, and the preferential treatment it receives from the government in the construction of hydro projects. Federal control of dams on the nation's waterways is one of the legacies of the New Deal that still directly benefits many municipal systems. The Los Angeles DWP plans to receive 2.5 million kilowatts from the Castaic, Piru and Terminal Power Projects now under construction. All three are on the West Branch of the California Aqueduct, with most of the power to be shared equally by the State Water Resources Board.

The others, the small generating municipals and the newly emancipated wholesale buyers, will be left to sort out the energy squeeze on their own. Virtually all of the public power cities support the creation of a state energy office in California, and federal allocation of low-sulfur oil. Both moves have so far been blocked by Edison, Pacific Gas and Electric, five major oil companies and the Southern California Gas Company.

Burbank, Glendale and Pasadena have created an informal consortium to buy and store oil. The agreement allows the three to buy in ship lots for the first time. In late January, Burbank surprised the Edison company when it bid more than $700,000 for geothermal leases of its own in the Imperial Valley. The Public Service Department entered into a cooperative arrangement with Republic Geothermal to negotiate the leases.

Hoyt and the other wholesale buyers realize the necessity of collective action. "The answer for all of us is a system of regional generation and transmission," Hoyt says. "If the Edison company would sell us power at the same rates that we could develop it ourselves, we would never go looking for power. But they won't do that. So we are trying to force our involvement in every announced power project planned anywhere in the West.

"Sure, we're a thorn in the side of the Edison company. We're buying power from a very large supplier who doesn't really want us to be in business, and apparently continually works both in the legislature and at the local level to make life more difficult for us. We have to keep pushing if we're going to survive."

Purchase by the Edison company is the specter facing those municipal systems that can't move quickly enough to secure power needs. Pasadena, Anaheim and Riverside have weathered takeover attempts in the past, and are the most likely targets of forced consolidation.

"Edison got the city of Vernon to go for a lease arrangement," says Anaheim's Hoyt. "Technically, the city owns the system, but it is under contract to Edison. The company tried to get the same arrangement in Azusa a few years ago but failed. "Edison took over the desert cooperative out in Twenty-Nine Palms a while ago, and tried to buy the Anza Cooperative, too. Edison says that it's just a question of the will of the people, but I know that the company was involved backstage."

"The reality of the situation is that we are the only buyers," smiles Edison vice president Edward Myers. "When the people indicate to their elected representatives that they are interested in selling a system, we are the logical ones to step in."

So the battle between public and private power in the Los Angeles basin continues. The struggle has shifted temporarily to the world oil market, where the municipals gamble for scarce supplies at prices they cannot afford. But ultimately, the success or failure of public systems will rest on their ability to develop alternative fuel supplies. If they can combine their resources, ingenuity and generating capacity, most can survive the crisis.

"The people themselves should have control of something as important to their lives as the utility system," says Richard Young. "They can't be put in the position of having anybody with a stranglehold on them. In Glendale, the people banded together and formed their own company almost seventy-five years ago. It's still the choice of the people. With their support, we can make it." □

BARRETT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

DOING THE WHOLE THING

BETTY KROLL

Seattle, Wash.

"You almost had the whole thing in 1937, after the second Roosevelt inaugural. You almost had the whole thing." David Barrett, leader of British Columbia's New Democratic Party (NDP) and Premier of the province since September 1972, describes himself as a Socialist, a monarchist, a Populist and a follower of the New Deal tradition. A social worker by training like Harry Hopkins, one of his New Deal heroes, Barrett characterizes the 1972 NDP victory in British Columbia as a victory for the "little people."

Dozens of pieces of legislation have been enacted by the Barrett government thus far. Since parliamentary government tends to merge executive and legislative power, the bills dutifully passed by members of the B.C. legis-

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lative assembly faithfully reflect the thinking of the Premier, his ministers and appointed study commissions.

Money for programs has been no problem in this booming Canadian province. "Inflation is a problem only for the poor," says Barrett, adding that although inflation is a national, rather than a provincial issue, his government gives the poor a hedge by providing perhaps the most comprehensive social welfare program in the Western world. He believes that social welfare programs are a right, not a charity, and carries his belief far beyond providing temporary help for the needy.

The NDP government has established possibly the highest minimum wage in the world, now $2.25 an hour and going up to $2.50 in June. In response to inevitable business and industry complaints, Barrett replies: "There's always squawking and caterwauling. I don't believe in punitive measures against young people, like paying them low, low wages."

The higher minimum wage is intended as an incentive to get people off the relief rolls. "Pay a man enough, and he'll 'risk' getting a job and getting off the dole." Barrett advocates subsidizing small farmers so that they can pay their workers the new minimum; he even proposes that the provincial government buy small farms and lease them back to farmers, who might then run them at a profit.

To cries that he encourages "indolence," Barrett answers: "Smarten up! The real indolents are the super-rich. Capitalism pays welfare to big business in the form of subsidies. And capitalists are short-sighted businessmen; they keep right on paying out welfare to families instead of finding solutions to the problem of poverty."

With this attitude, Barrett believes that the community should pay wages—"not welfare, *wages*"—to mothers who cannot otherwise stay home and care for their children. British Columbia has long paid an allowance to families with children, but the Premier feels the program is inadequate. The father of three children himself (Mrs. Barrett does not work outside the home), he wants to encourage mothers to stay home with their children because that provides the best natural environment for the young. For mothers who prefer to work, government day care centers should be provided, and under the NDP such centers have expanded and flourished "fantastically."

Barrett chides the United States for its romantic notions of leadership and for personalizing loyalties and causes; he places much of the blame for crime and delinquency on the lack of an organized movement on the Left. Why, for example, should conservatives have a monopoly on crime as an issue? "A believable, alive, existing, political anti-establishment force is a deterrent to violence." Disaffected youths have in the NDP a legitimate channel to work off their grievances. "Some of them even got elected last time."

Obviously relishing the opportunity to rub it in, he adds, "Where is the political party in the United States that says: these are the medical needs of our citizens, and this is how our party proposes to meet them? Party programs are what you need, not Ted Kennedy."

Medical insurance in British Columbia provides far more coverage than any similar government-sponsored plan in this country. Basic hospital care, under plans available to any citizen, regardless of income, costs $1 a day for the first seven days; after that, there are no charges. This insurance costs a family a maximum of $150 per year. "My gall bladder operation cost me $60, and that was only because I insisted on a private room and a telephone," boasts a professor at the University of Victoria.

In addition to getting all drugs and medicines free, citizens over 65, soon to be lowered to 60, are guaranteed a monthly income of $209. Couples are guaranteed $418. The provincial government hopes to expand this program to all age groups.

Although the NDP has "no commitments to any particular educational change," problems of provincial education are under active study. The province is trying to upgrade rural education in the isolated northern regions to make it comparable with the curriculum offered in more populous areas.

The province has its first female district superintendent of schools—in general, Canada lags behind the United States in "affirmative action" programs for women—but the Premier has been criticized by dissidents within his own party for failing to set up the Women's Ministry called for by the party platform. "It's not high on my priority list," he admits. "We've got a Ministry of Human Resources and that's what counts."

Other accomplishments aside, Barrett puts his highest priority on resource management. A comprehensive Land Commission Act was passed in the spring of 1973 amidst great controversy. According to the July 1973 *British Columbia Newsletter*:

> Everyone agreed that something should be done, but the Bill, which originally established a Land Commission with wide powers to designate land for agriculture, greenbelts, park or land-bank uses, was eventually amended to limit the powers of the Commission to designating land for agriculture use, on a basis of plans submitted by regional districts. Any power of expropriation was denied and the Commission was required to purchase land before designating it for greenbelt or land-bank use.

Somewhat defensively, the youthful Premier notes that the province retains veto power over the plans for land use presented to it by municipalities, and there is no doubt about the boldness of the legislation that freezes all farmland against urban sprawl. One of Barrett's greatest fears is that British Columbia will become a small-scale California, with a rapidly expanding population and no regional planning scheme.

Barrett's concern for land use and the environment has led to an out-and-out fight with the city of Seattle over proposals to raise Ross Dam in the Skagit Valley, which is in Washington but whose raising would flood some 5,000 acres in British Columbia. He has fought against the agreement, negotiated by a previous government, and returned checks sent to the provincial government for land use by Seattle City Light. A Canadian government, of course, lacks authority to prevent action in the United States, but its strong stand will probably give environmentalists on both sides of the border the victory they have long sought.

> One factor that regretfully must be considered is that our northern neighbors—particularly since Premier Dave

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British Columbia Government Photograph

David Barrett

Barrett's Socialist government took office last year in British Columbia—have raised efforts to renege on international agreements to the level of established public policy.

To complaints such as this, raised editorially by the Seattle *Times*, Barrett replies: "I don't believe in the sanctity of contracts. A stupid agreement ought to be renegotiated." This attitude has made him the leader of a crusade to renegotiate the United States-Canadian treaty for joint development of the Columbia River for power production and flood control, once thought a landmark of international cooperation in resource use.

"British Columbia is rich in resources and we can bargain tough." If one accepts that the basic task of a Socialist economy is to alter the economic structure to provide the entire population, on a basis of equality, with the essentials of life, it is easy to understand why the NDP government wants to use taxes and royalties from resources "for social as well as pure economic benefit. That has never been done before. We don't even charge royalties on the copper taken out of British Columbia."

Barrett expects to increase royalties by a large percentage on all of the province's natural resources and to reinforce what he calls "not anti-Americanism but pro-Canadian" economic policies. "I want to take the control of the land away from the American mineral interests and real estate developers and give it back to the people."

Historically, the mostly absentee corporations have been taxed at a minimal rate on their ownership of timber, coal, copper, natural gas and oil. The NDP is increasing royalties on oil and the stumpage fee on timber; it is taxing mineral reserves and imposing royalties on copper and other ores. This procedure is expected to raise an additional $74 million in revenue by 1975.

"I learned long ago," said Justice William O. Douglas at a gathering to pay homage to his judicial foresight and insight, that "the secret of government, the mucilage —the thing that holds us all together—is good will." Barrett is counting on good will between government and citizens to make the recently passed Labor Code work. Key provisions have excited negative comment from both sides, but Labour Minister King is apparently unmoved by either union or management. "I approached this bill on the basis of bringing some industrial harmony to this province, not on the basis of concessions to one side or the other."

Small logging contractors are up in arms over provisions for unionization, arguing that union seniority rules will cripple their efficiency, that young men eager to make their way are better workers than long-time union men who can count on seniority to see them through. Militant labor forces, on the other hand, are angered by provisions for religious objections to union membership, and regard some portions of the law as violations of the long-standing NDP policy against compulsory arbitration.

Other important clauses (*1*) permit unions to make application for certification with 25 per cent employee endorsement; (*2*) require the inclusion in all collective agreements of a technological change clause; (*3*) remove from the courts the authority to deal with illegal strikes, lockouts and picketing, granting this authority instead to the new labor board; (*4*) put the onus of disproving charges of unfair practice on management; (*5*) create Canada's first provincial labor ombudsman.

The Social Credit government, which preceded the present administration in British Columbia, had set up the B.C. ferry system, the B.C. rail line and B.C. Hydro. The Barrett government is committed to improving and expanding metropolitan transit, and to the eventual takeover of B.C. Telephone. Despite Barrett's statements that he has no intention of replacing private capitalism with public capitalism, the province has definitely gone into business.

A case in point is the ICBC (Insurance Corporation of British Columbia), which sells government no-fault auto insurance. Judging from the experience of Manitoba's NDP-directed auto insurance plan, it will reduce premiums by about 15 per cent and will protect the motoring public with *universal* auto insurance. The government expects to expand into other fields of insurance as well.

Despite the disclaimer about state capitalism, British Columbia is not only in business but in it to make money —money to put to the citizens' benefit, and money to broaden its social services and environmental protection policies. The underlying issue is resource management, tied in with the emerging sense of Canadian nationalism. The government of British Columbia has already purchased two large forest companies, including a paper mill, three pulp mills, three sawmills and an extensive infrastructure of roads and railway lines, the whole valued at about $250

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million. "We must retain control over our resources. We'll sell but not sell out."

Programs and policies like these, along with promises of worker and community representation on governing boards of government corporations and some equity participation for workers, explain the NDP's popularity in the labor movement. But its success at the polls derives also from a strongly committed, well-organized party made up of dues-paying members. "Women," according to Barrett, "have traditionally been the backbone of the NDP." The New Democratic Party was born in 1961 from a union of the CCF and organized labor. The CCF and its counterpart on the far Right, Social Credit (Socred), both grew out of the short-lived Canadian Progressive Party, Social Credit beginning as a radical, rural, fundamentalist movement and CCF intending to eliminate capitalism in Canada altogether.

Success breeds not only success but change, and the pragmatic necessity of winning elections in order to put theory into practice has inevitably caused the movement of Socred policy from radical conservatism toward a more traditional policy, while the translation of the NDP from a Socialist "movement" into a crusading left-wing party has been accentuated by Barrett's personal victory over ideologues within the NDP. There are still those who want the NDP to be a party of "teachers and preachers," but Barrett is convinced he can remain as leader in British Columbia.

Although a minor party nationally—Prime Minister Trudeau's Liberals are the ruling party and Conservatives form the loyal opposition—the NDP has established a firm base in Western Canada. On August 31, 1972, its stunning victory in British Columbia totally reversed the balance of political power, giving the Socred twelve seats instead of the thirty-eight they had won in 1969, and raising the NDP from nine seats to thirty-eight. Progressive Conservatives won two seats, their first in twenty years, and their leaders were jubilant. Their 13 per cent of the vote indubitably made inroads into Socred strength and contributed to NDP victory and the toppling of the then 71-year-old Premier, W.A.C. ("Wacky") Bennett, after two decades.

Dave Barrett does not fit conveniently into the pattern of Canadian politicians, most of whom are solidly middle class. Scoffers within the NDP play down Barrett's working-class background—"Barrett's a professional man. He has a master of social work degree from the University of St. Louis"—but the Premier puts great stress on his identification with the "tough" East End Vancouver neighborhood where he grew up. And he does fit well the youthful image of Canadian political leaders today, all of whom are in their 30s and 40s, and most of whom have come to power in the last three years by defeating older incumbents.

In a country which still lists the occupation of some candidates as "gentleman," Barrett holds a special distinction: he is a Jew, and apparently the only one ever to be Premier of a province. When he was asked if anti-Semitism played any part in the recent election, the former director of the Jewish Community Center in Vancouver grins and answers, "I'm here, aren't I; so how could it?"

Grins and direct answers are both part of the Barrett style. He has inaugurated a daily fifteen-minute question session in the provincial legislature. While he vigorously denies any personality cult, his rock-'em, sock-'em campaign, which took him into every hamlet in the vast expanse of B.C., contrasted favorably with the non-campaign of the aging and querulous Bennett.

The pugnacious Premier obviously thrives on the kind of confrontation politics that are the backbone of provincial government. He enjoys the "ruthless" Canadian game of party politics, designed, he believes, so that the loyal opposition can act the role the press has been forced to play in the United States. In Canada, he suggests, Watergate would have been ferreted out by political opponents, who would then have toppled the ruling party and its miscreants. "You get your opponent flat on his back, and then you stand on his stomach and jump up and down."

Barrett points out that in the United States there is a continual search for a "good man," rather than the setting of party policy around human needs. A further advantage he discerns in the British/Canadian parliamentary form of government is the training it affords the official opposition. The party out of power is subsidized by the government, and the "shadow" cabinet must continually do its homework to keep tabs on the party in power. The NDP is noted for that kind of responsible opposition.

On the other hand, Barrett is forced to admit that the American Government is, in theory at least, more "open" than the Canadian. Neither campaign contributors nor contributions are matters of public record. There is no "auditor general" in British Columbia, and no one knows how much of a reputed $574.8 million surplus left by the Bennett regime actually exists. "There's a generation that doesn't even know what public accountability is. You Americans understand it; the British Columbians don't."

The parliamentary system in Canada, its proponents maintain, furnishes maximum elements of both strength and flexibility, with the monarchy as the stable element. For Barrett, a Jewish Socialist who claims close kinship with the governments of Brandt and of Olof Palme, there is no paradox in also being a dedicated monarchist. Despite his disdain for the trappings of office, and his policy of no bodyguards, no limousine, no frock coats or "first family" portraits, Barrett's political philosophy is founded to a major degree on his faith in the stability of the British monarchy. He may have emphasized his "no claptrap" feelings by deliberately wearing a loud, hound's-tooth jacket for his inaugural, but being presented to the Queen in the summer of 1973 was for him no empty gesture. When, as newly elected Premier, he was asked what he planned to do, he replied, "We're going to do the whole thing. The Queen gave us the whole bag."

Few political scientists would argue that the parliamentary system is necessarily exportable or that it would necessarily work in a country as huge as the United States, but as Dave Barrett asks sadly at the close of an interview with an American: "When are you people going to get it together? When are you going to get something going for yourselves?" □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Man Who Succeeded Roosevelt

BEYOND THE NEW DEAL: Harry S. Truman and American Liberalism. *By Alonzo L. Hamby. Columbia University Press. 635 pp. $12.95.*

THE AWESOME POWER: Harry S. Truman As Commander-in-Chief. *By Richard F. Haynes. Louisiana State University Press. 392 pp. $12.95.*

PLAIN SPEAKING: An Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman. *By Merle Miller. Berkley Publishing Co. 488 pp. $8.95.*

BERT COCHRAN

American history writing has been subjected to a trauma in the past few years, and it never will be the same again. The revisionist historians have been like Stendhal's pistol shot in the middle of a concert: most unwelcome but impossible to ignore. Not that they have won many converts to their cause, or changed the direction of the dominant historiography. But they have made scholars acutely self-conscious and defensive about their own assumptions and predispositions. One might imagine from the rancorous tone of some of their rejoinders that established scholarship is confronted with an invasion of Jacobin upstarts intent on tearing down the pillars of the temple of learning; but that stems from oversensitivity on the part of a hierarchy that in the past quarter-century has grown unaccustomed to competition and challenge.

While the revisionists are to some extent a product of the upsurge of the 1960s, practically all of them are reputable members of the guild, and their papers and books follow the prescribed academic patterns. Moreover the revisionists do not constitute a school, a faction or even a coterie; they differ markedly one from the other in their interpretations, their methodologies, their ideologies, as well as in the merit of their several contributions. It was their opponents who provided them with a makeshift unity that they otherwise would never have been credited with. Revisionist critiques had the effect of a blockbuster dropping on a neighborhood of rickety shacks primarily because the official historians had built up structures that could not withstand attack. The official architecture at its best is exemplified by the work of the late Herbert Feis, a government functionary since New Deal days. His books are indispensable for a study of the diplomacy of the war years and the cold-war aftermath. He was a skilled writer and analyst, was familiar with the workings of government to a degree that few academicians can boast, and was granted access to all sorts of papers and documents not available to others. His considerable talents and advantages he employed to justify policies and activities of high officials with whom he was in political rapport. When in some cases that became too awkward to attempt, he resolved the difficulty with sighs, shoulder shrugs or apostrophes to the goddess of history. All the revisionists did, all the revisionists had to do—and this was a startling innovation at the time—was to use the tools of their trade to disclose the actual calculations, thought processes, purposes and behind-the-scenes power plays of American decision makers that were revealed only imperfectly or not at all in official fustian, and that the accredited historians had unaccountably ignored or slithered over.

Whether some of the revisionists' individual estimations are valid or invalid, whether some of their conclusions are judicious or overdrawn, whether some of their moralistic criticizing is profound or puerile, will have to be sorted out in due course. (And when a number of the leading figures of the profession condescend to engage in straightforward debate instead of letting subalterns take the stage with an unedifying display of hair-splitting and sophistical claptrap, the process of enlightenment may be hastened.) What cannot be successfully confuted is that the revisionists demolished the arbitrary schema—factually false and politically pernicious—based on the assumption that essentially idealistic administrations were thwarted in their unselfish efforts to build a peaceful, prosperous, law-abiding world community by the treacherous subversions, agreement-breaking and expansionist grabs of Communist barbarians. By eliminating the demonology, by exploding the Manichean stage setting, they restored postwar history as a field for the investigation of the sources and dynamics of conflicting interests and ambitions.

Professor Hamby is cognizant of the issue to the extent that he felt the need to condemn the critics. Otherwise, it has been business as usual for him. His book is a not untypical example of one kind of history writing. In part, it belongs to the Factology School of History. There has been a recrudescence in a number of History Departments of the Victorian fetishism of facts with its accompanying fetishism of documents. (Hamby supplies 86 pages of bibliographical references and notes.) The explanation has been offered that the reason the Victorians had such faith in facts was that the facts were spectacularly satisfactory to them. What is the explanation in our own time, when the facts in the daily newspapers are bad today and likely to be worse tomorrow? At any rate, if the historian is not to become a mere compiler, he has to practice selection, generalization and interpretation. And if that is not to be arbitrary and capricious, the historian must have a sense of direction, a sense of the flow of events.

Hamby's historical sense may be deficient, but he does have a thesis. He defends Truman, the realistic, moderate, political leader who "epitomized the Midwestern populist-progressive tradition," against the liberals who were naive and adolescent in their thinking, and therefore leveled criticisms at the President that were "often ill-considered and shallow." He takes note of Truman's many appointments to high office of hidebound conservatives, and his many policy retreats, but feels sure that despite his foibles and contradictions, he was a sound progressive alienated primarily "from the *style* of American liberalism." This thesis can be sustained only by bending the evidence and by semantic jugglery. It was originally adumbrated by David Lilienthal in a conversation with Clark Clifford. Lilienthal diagnosed Truman as reacting against the vocabulary of the New Deal intellectuals because he came out of Middle West progressivism and used a different terminology. Clifford proceeded to inform Lilienthal that on his coming to work for Truman, the President told him that "most of the people Roosevelt had close around him were crackpots and the lunatic fringe." Truman went on to brief him: "I want to keep my feet on the

Bert Cochran is a senior fellow at Columbia University's Research Institute on Communist Affairs. He is the author of Harry Truman and the Crisis Presidency *(Funk & Wagnalls).*

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ground; I don't want any experiments; the American people have been through a lot of experiments and they want a rest from experiments." Hamby counters this with references to Truman's Senate speech against the railroad corporations and some of his philippics in the 1948 election campaign.

That raises another question. Does the historian dare become a straight man for the politico, and accept the latter's rhetoric at face value without matching it with the evidence of private commitments and public deeds? After all, demagoguery is not an unknown ingredient in American or world politics. To be technical about it, Truman was not a graduate of the Midwestern Populist-progressive tradition—another Robert La Follette—but of the Pendergast machine. The two are not the same. The Pendergast organization was noted not only for stuffing ballot boxes and strong-arming opponents but also for being a sham battler in a sham class struggle. At election time, the Pendergast spokesmen would roll out the old reliable melodrama of "the peepul versus the interests," and the organization's operatives had in the course of the year carried on sufficient charitable and welfare activities to make the dramaturgy not entirely ludicrous. The historian has to be able to differentiate between fake social conscience and the real thing, just as the art expert is supposed to be able to tell a fake Rembrandt from a genuine one.

In a larger sense, Hamby's entire framework, which counterposes Truman to the liberals, is not a happy one. The overriding feature of the Truman era was that liberals of the vital center became so preoccupied with prosecuting the cold war that they had precious little time and energy left for advancing reform. The ADA, despite its criticisms, was an ally, not an opponent of the administration. As time went on, both were overwhelmed by the spirits they had conjured up from the vasty deep. (The first half of Hamby's book is a rewrite of his doctoral dissertation presented at the University of Missouri in 1965. He has since done additional research, but poured the new vatful of facts into the old mold. The picture of a politically inexperienced young academic giving lessons in *Realpolitik* to hard-boiled ADA operators provides a welcome if unconscious touch of humor in an otherwise prosaic text.)

Hamby's incidental attack on the revisionists in his final pages is in the nature of an *obiter dictum*; structurally, it does not belong in the book. His major point is an irrelevant one. He argues that the "New Left historians"—as he calls the revisionists—regret the demise of the Popular Front, and that had liberalism maintained a Popular Front alliance, it would have fared even worse than it did. This is something dragged in by the hair. No important revisionist historian called for a reintroduction of the Popular Front, which means in plain English, an alliance between liberals and Communists—unless we want to refer to Carl Marzani (*We Can Be Friends*, 1952). But Marzani was not a new revisionist; he was an old Communist. What some of the revisionists deplored or excoriated was liberals joining with the witch hunters; and the revisionists also wanted a settlement with Russia—which is a horse of a different color. It is indeed more than likely that had conventional liberalism been an opponent rather than a coadjutor of the cold war, it would have been badly hurt organizationally during the worst of the reaction. But then, Hamby has to settle in his own mind whether principles have any importance in the development of American society, or whether getting elected to office in any way one can should be the first consideration.

Professor Haynes's book presents a workmanlike, serviceable account of the Truman Presidency on its military side. His discussion of the growth of Presidential power is a timely reminder that Nixon was not the originator, but the consummator, of White House autocracy. The U.S. Congress, which has been so effective in throttling major reforms since 1938 (except for a brief interval during Johnson's tenure), surrendered unconditionally to the Executive in the guardianship of the empire and related matters. It seemed a logical extension of Roosevelt's quasi-dictatorial wartime powers for Truman to order American forces into the Korean War without Congressional sanction. When Sen. Harry Byrd asked Acheson how he could justify the usurpation, Acheson replied that the President had the authority as Commander in Chief. When Taft again raised the constitutional question, the State Department sent copies of a lengthy memorandum to every member of the House and Senate, citing numerous historical and legal precedents to show that the President could employ the armed forces without a declaration of war. In the Berlin crisis two years earlier, Truman had sent B-29 bombers to bases in Britain, thereby extending the "atomic perimeter" around the Soviet Union. At no time during the months of tense confrontation did he request authority from Congress for the steps he had taken. He had good reason to boast later in his memoirs, "The President must use whatever power the Constitution does not expressly deny him."

In his discussion of the use of atomic bombs against Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Haynes rejects Truman's explanation that it was a purely military act designed to save lives. He maintains that Truman's "acceptance of the specious arguments against a test demonstration and against a specific warning in the Potsdam declaration can be regretted, if not condemned," and concludes that Truman's reputation will be damaged by this act, "particularly if the revisionist historians succeed in proving that his motivations were entirely political." Altogether, this is a useful compilation on the military aspects of the Truman years, though it does not carry matters beyond where Walter Millis left them years ago in two distinguished works, *Arms and Men* and *Arms and the State*; and Haynes lacks Millis' authoritative grasp of social intricacy.

As for Merle Miller—who would have thought that beneath the suave exterior of the author of *Only You, Dick Daring!* there dwelt the soul of Parson Weems! Did you know that Truman would not frank letters he sent his sister from the White House, and insisted on using his own 3¢ stamps because the letters were personal? Did you know that Truman, while motoring to Jefferson City, had his driver pull over to the side of the road, and helped a woman herd her hogs that had broken loose? Upon which, Captain Westwood, an Independence policeman and Truman's chauffeur, exclaimed, "Can you imagine a former President of the United States doing a thing like that?" Did you know that taxi drivers in Mexico City will weep at the mention of Harry Truman's name? That is because Truman placed a wreath on the monument at Chapultepec Castle, and according to Miller, it has been stated "that in the history of the two countries, nothing has ever been done that was so helpful in cementing their relationship."

Miller's dew-laden epic had its origin in 1961 when he was hired to supervise a series of television films on Truman's years in the White House, to be packaged by David Susskind and his company, Talent Associates. Miller asked the questions, the ex-President supplied the answers, and the exchanges were recorded on tape. By the winter of 1962, after $100,000 had been spent, the project fell apart; the three television networks were not interested in buying. Now, a dozen years later, Miller has salvaged a book out of the proceedings. Its main value is that we get good glimpses of Truman, the man (at 77, at any rate), with his unvarnished clubhouse lingo, who sneaks away every now and then

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from his interviewer to reinforce himself with "a small libation." Most of Truman's assessments, tales, homilies and grouches have been published before by his other Boswells (usually in more sanitized form); there are a few new pronouncements and pieces of inside dope, however, which will give Miller's book its special interest. On Bennett Clark, his fellow Senator from Missouri: ". . . he was drunk half the time and more. . . . I appointed him to be an associate justice of the circuit court of appeals. He was no damn good, though." On Richard Nixon: "He not only doesn't give a damn about the people; he doesn't know how to tell the truth. I don't think the son of a bitch knows the difference between telling the truth and lying." On Adlai Stevenson: "That fellow was too busy making up his mind whether he had to go to the bathroom or not." On Tom Clark, Truman's first Attorney General, later appointed by him to the Supreme Court: "He was no damn good as Attorney General and on the Supreme Court . . . it doesn't seem possible, but he's been even worse. . . . And so when you ask me what was my biggest mistake, that's it." On Eisenhower, whom he twice offered to support for the Presidency: "When Eisenhower let McCarthy get away with calling General Marshall a traitor. . . . Why that was one of the most shocking things in the history of this country . . . he's just a coward. He hasn't got any backbone at all. . . ." Later, Truman related the divorce story that had been whispered around about Eisenhower: "Why, right after the war was over, he wrote a letter to General Marshall saying that he wanted to be relieved of duty [because he intended to] divorce Mrs. Eisenhower so he could marry this Englishwoman [Kay Summersby, a member of the British Women's Auxiliary Corps, who was Eisenhower's jeep driver and corresponding secretary]. . . . Well, Marshall wrote him back a letter . . . that if he even came close to doing such a thing, he'd . . . bust him out of the Army. . . . I don't like Eisenhower; you know that. I never have, but one of the last things I did as President, I got those letters from his file in the Pentagon, and I destroyed them."

When we get on to more substantive matters, theatre replaces history. It is not that Miller is starry-eyed. He suspected or knew that many of Truman's declarations and explanations did not tally with the facts, but as he confessed in connection with Truman's fanciful description of his meeting with General MacArthur at Wake Island, "I wanted to ask Mr. Truman about that discrepancy [the meeting as described in Truman's *Memoirs* and as described in the interview] and many others, but I never did. The reason I never did was that I wanted our conversations to continue." And since he was in no position to ask embarrassing questions, he became part of an operation to create a Truman scenario with the same relation to the Truman administration that the *Iliad* had to the battle of Troy. The result is myth-making uninhibited by inconvenient historical data on the part of the interviewee, refined by a fatuous exegesis supplied by the interlocutor.

For example, Miller asked Truman, "Were you surprised when the Dixiecrats walked out of the [1948 Democratic] convention?" And Truman answered, "No. When 1948 was coming along, they said that if I didn't let up with my asking for a Fair Employment Practice Commission . . . some of the Southerners

SNOW JOB

"It's my nerves," Mother used to say.
"I'm just a bundle of nerves."
And now I'm on that circuit too.
At last she's getting her message through.

Like this panic of late crazy flakes
shooting every which way, each one,
it seems, set off by its own private wind,
yet in their utmost reel converged on me.

My gifted student put it rather better:
"Feel? I feel like a man with a gun
and some fourhundred Apaches hurtling
down on him."
Or those artists chasing
after every snowflake-darting stroke
(their work, does it chart-like repeat
in all its zigzaggings their heartbeats?):
pointillist, impressionist, depressionist,
a kind of insupportable joke.
But I
no less go out to meet the monster deep
inside with a paper shield, a vision
that's bifocal, and a year's supply
of ballpoint ink.
Trying not so much
to drown it in an octopus-angry jet as,
while it, slouching forth and stooping,
drinks, to net it.
Nearby reinforcements,
nestling cheek by jowl, my shock-troops—
aspirin. And that famous spy, an undercover
agent always ready to bubble up, Alka
Seltzer. (Such allies Mother left me!)

No wonder increasingly we see what shook
Lucretius so (the latest news redhot
in the belly, each cell hard at work):
to wit, the atoms in unceasing, happy war.
Or the local life—the stinking garbage
heaped, the muggings, rapes, collisions
also, on those midnight streets—of a star.

Ah well, if winter's here, the hardest
lump of it, can spring be far behind?
Soon on this zany stitchwork, so bemired,
you will find a rash of leaflets, puffy
buds, birds shrieking their fool heads
off: nerves bejangling on a giant lyre.

Theodore Weiss

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would walk out. I said that if that happened, it would be a pity, but I had no intention of running on a watered-down platform. . . ." In truth, Truman's henchmen at the convention, guided by Clark Clifford, wanted to evade the civil rights issue by inserting into the party platform the innocuous plank of four years before. The liberal spokesmen, Hubert Humphrey, Andrew Biemiller and others, frustrated in their efforts to secure another Presidential candidate, decided to make a stand on civil rights. When the platform committee approved the administration proposal, the minority announced that it would take the fight to the convention floor. Unexpectedly, Ed Flynn told Humphrey and Biemiller that he and other Northern bosses, Jacob Arvey, Frank Hague, David Lawrence, would support the minority plank. The professionals, believing that the national ticket was a lost cause, were less concerned with Southern die-hards bolting than with heading off the Henry Wallace threat, and solidifying the black vote behind their local and state candidates.

Well, it would take as many pages as there are in Miller's book to straighten out the distortions, correct the misrepresentations, fill in the evasions. There is no need to do so. Despite its subtitle, Miller's book is not a biography. It is a creative work of a genre that combines inspirational literature, like Elbert Hubbard's *Little Journeys*, and regulation soap opera, like *All in the Family*. The question to ask is not "Is it authentic history?" but "Does it create its own authentic interior atmosphere?" Or, "Is it entertaining?" The answer to both the latter questions is a mild "yes." The balefulness of the Miller product derives solely from its purporting to be what it is not, like an advertising pitch for an after-shave lotion: instead of your being told that it will make you smell good, you are told that it will make you irresistible to a beautiful woman. Presidents are America's institutionalized heroes, and what could have been accepted in other times as a work in the long line of traditional, pseudo-Populistic hagiography, takes on a different aspect in the midst of a momentous crisis of the Presidency. It comes at a time when we have been put on notice that reverential worship at the Presidential shrine can be the preliminary to forced abasement before a Caesar and his entourage of pluguglies. The standards we set for our Presidents, our evaluations of their rule, bespeak our sense of values, our political aspirations, our maturity or lack of it. They tell what kind of nation we want to be. Show biz has its importance and place, but it should stay clear of the Presidency and the Presidents. □

Deserving Well of This Republic

MANY BATTLES: The Autobiography of Ernest Gruening. *Liveright. 564 pp. $12.95.*

HERBERT MITGANG

The building blocks of Ernest Gruening's career kept going higher and wider. He is one of the few public officials whose image stands tall with the generation that swore by Franklin D. Roosevelt and with their children who swore at the Vietnamese War Presidents. It does not require the judgment of a future historian to say what can be said now: Senator Gruening has been prophetically right on the major issues of the second one-third of this century.

A reader instinctively turns first to the ending of *Many Battles* to see what the author has to say about a Senatorial defeat with honor that will be remembered for a long time. In August of 1964 Congress was mouse-trapped into giving up its war-making approval by a White House resolution. "What none of the Senators and Representatives knew," he writes, "was that they had been misled by the Tonkin Gulf Resolution. The Congress had been bamboozled into giving the President the unlimited power he sought to wage war in Southeast Asia. Had the Congress not been misinformed by the executive branch, the resolution would never have been adopted." Sens. Wayne Morse and Ernest Gruening were the lone dissenting voices. The same *carte blanche* and acquiescence to Defense Department budgets and one-man State Department deals continue today; perhaps the memories of executive branch deceptions in 1964 will be recalled again in 1974 by those who have not forgotten a minority of two. This is, can be, one of Senator Gruening's great legacies.

There are many more to be discovered in his autobiography. Much has been told of the domestic reforms by the alphabet agencies of the New Deal. Much less is known of Roosevelt's handling of the neglected American territories and possessions, vestiges of jingoism and colonialism. Gruening had served as an adviser to the Roosevelt administration on Latin American problems. In 1934 the President appointed him head of a new agency within the Department of the Interior, the Division of Territories and Island Possessions, and the book recounts a wonderful exchange between the two men:

> "Now, about the territories," Roosevelt said. "Hawaii is in good shape. There's too much concentration of land there in the big estates. Alaska needs more people and we ought to do something to promote agriculture. Next spring I would like to move a thousand or fifteen hundred people from the drought-stricken areas of the Middle West and give them a chance to start life anew in Alaska. The Virgin Islands were called an effective poorhouse by my predecessor and we must do what we can to improve that situation. Let me know what plans you will develop. As for Puerto Rico, that place is hopeless, hopeless."
>
> "This new division is really the equivalent of the British colonial office, isn't it, Mr. President?" I asked.
>
> "I suppose it is," he replied.
>
> "Well, a democracy shouldn't have any colonies," I ventured.
>
> The President smiled, and then extending his arms forward, palms up, he said. "I think you're right. Let's see what you can develop."

Herbert Mitgang, a member of The New York Times *editorial board, is author of a forthcoming biography of Lincoln,* The Fiery Trial, *to be published by the Viking Press this spring.*

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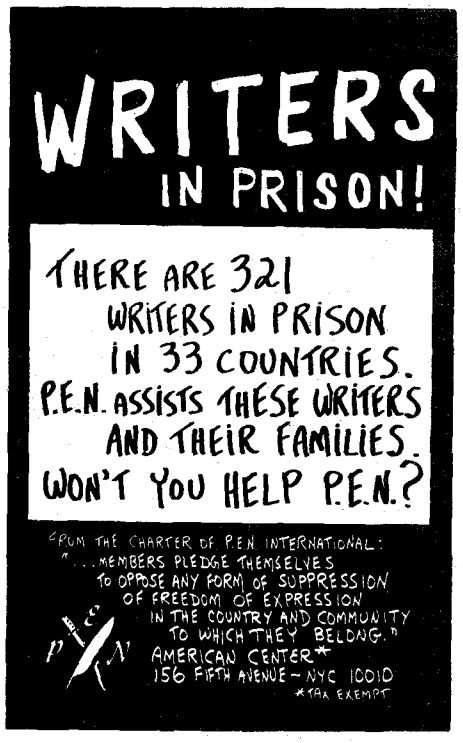
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So began an enormous undertaking, motivated by good instincts but founded initially on little information, that eventually led to the rehabilitation of the forgotten islands and the development of Hawaii and Alaska and their admission to the Union. In 1939 Gruening was named Territorial Governor of Alaska, became a bulwark of strength there during the war years, and helped put it on the map of the United States. On Gruening's second day as a Senator, he co-sponsored the bill for Hawaiian statehood. And he battled for measures for racial equality, conservation, birth control and the end of military diplomacy and domination in Latin America. He was a New Dealer all the way through the Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson years.

Concrete achievements in public office overshadow interesting aspects of Gruening's personality and the episodes of his career as a journalist. Although all sorts of new journalists, journalism reviews and schools exist today—and contemplate their deeds, misdeeds and navels as if they had invented crusading reporting and dedicated writing—Gruening's stories about his own years as a reporter and editor, beginning on the *Boston American* in 1912, are a helpful reminder of the muckraking years. Fortunately, there were papers to switch to and from when management knuckled under to "the interests," the fat cats and sacred cows, and Gruening became a moving target because of his liberal ideas. He sued Hearst and the *Chicago Tribune*. He served as managing editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, the *New York Post*, and of this magazine. He recalls many a good campaign in *The Nation*, beginning with an appropriate epigraph from Emerson: "Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. . . . Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of our mind."

Many Battles is not great autobiography—possibly because the author accomplished so much that must be related here in an order that is logical and chronological rather than artistic—but it shines with integrity and succeeds in summing up the history of a good man who improved his times and his country. □

Low Pressure at High Altitude

HEARTLAND. *By Saul Maloff. Charles Scribner's Sons. 279 pp. $6.95.*

BONNIE STOWERS

Starved for good humor, I was ready for what *Heartland*'s advertisers promised —a story that would tickle and absorb. I needed a whole loaf of the stuff lost somewhere between Camelot and Operation Candor. But I wound up eating cake.

Some cake! More like crumbs, tiny bits of stuff that had to be pressed hard between thumb and forefinger and rolled together before they could be made to resemble an edible mass. Now, if Saul Maloff were a new bride who couldn't boil water, his latest novel's faults might have been easier to swallow. But he is a writer of considerable skill and experience. And *Heartland* is a concoction so blatantly tasteless in parts that it might've been cooked up by the folks who brought us C-rations.

Given the list of ingredients, one might have hoped for something better. A menopausal Portnoy, a demented Jewish poet, scores of women's libbers (whose motto, "Think Clit," dominates the novel), a WASP kingdom high in the mountains at Donner Pass College for Women, and Shoshana McDonald (a high Episcopalian *shiksa* freaked out by the plight of the Jews)—these ought to yield a gourmet dinner. But Maloff abandoned ordinary culinary sense. Dessert was served first, in the introduction—a sort of Bible-based Freudian primer that accurately forecast the Alka-Seltzer hours that lay ahead.

Oh, there were good moments in *Heartland*, chiefly when Maloff prepared a smörgasbord of colorful demonstration scenes, familiar entrées from the 1960s which he molded to suit the current taste for Zionist theatre. But if the setting was colorful, the hero was all wrong. Superstars who give mass movements bounce have the talent to concoct a heady brew, but Maloff's hero, Isaiah Greene, produces a watered-down *vin ordinaire*.

Greene, who's billed as a Jewish, middle-aged New York intellectual going down for the third time, has confronted Life and found that "there was nothing to look forward to but hanging on." Ostensibly a plain and decent man,

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searching for a little dignity at a time when that commodity is scarce, Greene's woes are supposed to be ours. He suffers from both spiritual and material poverty, American style. He lacks purpose, challenge, identity, roots, a reason to get up in the morning. We ought to sympathize with him but he never lets us. He covers his sorrows and inadequacies with fancy double-talk; he is a bore, something a major character must never be.

But worse, Greene (and therefore *Heartland*) struck me as a literary gimmick that happened to coincide with the Mideast crisis and the decline of the vocal, militant segment of the women's movement: a slick, plastic robot in a Dynel wig, properly tousled to create the right effect, all done up in baggy corduroys with suede patches at the elbows just the way somebody imagined an aging New York Jewish academic ought to be.

And although Maloff spends the last half of the novel trying to humanize his fraudulent hero by causing him to "feel" certain things and express the feelings, the effort is as vain as Nixon's attempts to mingle with the people and be one of the boys. Expedience and whim cannot substitute for real feeling in life or art. So, neither Greene's climb to fame (propelled by an accidental brush with TV cameras at a Zionist demonstration), nor his subsequent excesses, nor the golden-haired, militant Shoshana (the closest thing to a legitimate hero in the book) can give *Heartland* what it needs if it is to live up to its description as "the comic and harrowing adventures of a New York intellectual in the heartland of America."

Maloff's ending is a predictable bit of Freudian formula writing, something he had to give us after all those early nudges in the ribs. Greene flies to Donner Pass College for Women for his last major lecture appearance, and there begins a running dialogue between him and Fox, the demented poet with whom he shares the annual symposium lecture chores. Fox, committed and insanely serious, keeps trying to move Greene closer to his own view of Donner Pass as the "dread center" of a universe dominated by anti-Semitic, castrating gentile women. To no avail. And of course, Fox's prophecy prevails—in the only way possible. In a weird religious rite, Donner Pass women converge on Fox and, "Clit [is] made Word." Fox gets his in the end, just as Norman Mailer would have wanted him to.

Some day, I hope, male anxieties and prejudices won't be presented in fictional form projected as women's faults, a defensive and dishonest approach to humor which makes true satire impossible. If the book has any redeeming value, it lies with the women Maloff introduces. Such women! They supply all the action, for good or ill. But unfortunately they are only pseudo-women, cardboard mock-ups of the army of flesh and blood serfs already on their feet and marching, breaking out of the cookie-cutter stereotypes that generations of male and male-oriented writers have produced. This novel is a contribution to that movement. And that is something.

But seven bucks is just too much to spend for a bad meal with an unrepentant chauvinist. *Heartland*, yet another attack in the good old tradition, is one assault we needn't lie back and enjoy. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Robert Altman's *Thieves Like Us* is essentially the same story as Arthur Penn's *Bonnie and Clyde*, but I find it much more unsettling. Penn's film was deliberately unreal, a synthetic folk ballad that, while it did not really re-create the Great Depression, was somehow emblematic of its feverish desperation. *Thieves Like Us* is perhaps no more real, but it is a great deal more realistic and it is sentimental.

If you can imagine that Mark Twain gave the King and the Duke revolvers and set them to slaughtering the respectable town folk, with Tom Sawyer lending expert assistance, you may grasp the peculiar climate of this picture. Altman is fascinated by the ambiguity of good and evil that is at the heart of all tragedy, but he does not create tragedies; he is essentially an entertainer, intent on action, and unwilling or unable to cut nearly deep enough to uncover the warring forces within a character. So the people of his film, for all the idiosyncratic brilliance of the performances, are two-headed freaks, half endearing, half monstrous, with no unifying insight to give them integrity.

I want to leave aside the two older rapscallions of this bank-robbing spree and concentrate on Bowie, the clean-looking youth. He is played by Keith Carradine who, buck-toothed and gangling, is American boyhood right off a Norman Rockwell calendar. In the course of his career of robbery and accessory to murder (Bowie never actually pulls a trigger; he merely waves a pistol with cool politeness and shares in the proceeds), he meets Keechie (Shelley Duvall), also buck-toothed and gangling. They fall in love and, as the radio by the bed obligingly suggests, it was such a night as Romeo knew with Juliet. Doomed lovers, and very moving.

But meanwhile Bowie is plotting one bank holdup after another with that merry pair, who kill more for convenience than as a matter of necessity. The boy looks shocked every time a gratuitous body falls at his feet, but recovers with admirable speed, and returns to his sweetheart as tender as ever and with no hint of blood on his hands.

I move on now to the showdown. Bowie has been trapped in a motel cottage and a posse of sheriff's men, wearing those trooper hats we have all been conditioned to associate with brutality, pumps round after round of rifle bullets into the tiny building, while Keechie, held on a nearby porch by an older woman, screams and writhes in slow motion. It is a horrible episode, calculated in every detail to make you shudder; and, since we know that Bowie is a nice American lad who wants only to play professional baseball and raise a family, the slaughter seems outrageous. But all the lawmen know is that every time they cross Bowie's trail they find dead men lying on it, the last of them having been one of their own. They shouldn't have done it, but they didn't know they had Tom Sawyer in there, and they were taking no chances.

It is not my intention to endorse summary execution; the officers should have ordered Bowie to come out with his hands held high, and perhaps they would have, even in Mississippi, if the gunfire hadn't made a more effective scene. But what conclusion are we to draw from this melancholy history? We don't have much to go on. Bowie, we learn, was serving a life sentence in a prison camp when he escaped with his two pals. He had been sent there at the age of 16 for participating in a store robbery in which the owner was killed, and the implication of the text is that, such being the case, Bowie had to go on robbing and assisting at murders for the rest of his predictably short life. He obviously thinks so; indeed, it makes him wistful.

This, I submit, won't work. If we are to come to grips with the ambiguity in Bowie we must know a lot more about him than that he has a charming smile, a short memory for blood and a nice way with dogs, kids and forlorn girls. On the evidence, he is merely insane; and it is late in the day to be parading the exploits of lunatics for the astonishment of the genteel public.

Signalman First Class Buddusky is a fellow I've been avoiding off and on for as long as I can remember. You

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run into him in bars and on busses; worse, you may give him a lift on the highway and be stuck with him for 100 miles. Now, in the person of Jack Nicholson, you can spend two hours with him in *The Last Detail*.

Buddusky is a half-smart bigmouth, probably good enough at his job, but with a compulsion to give you the benefit of his yahoo opinions on the meaning of life and the issues of the day. He is quick with his fists, irresistible to women, master of any situation that arises, the embodiment of self-righteousness and an excruciating bore. You meet Buddusky's widely in civilian life, but it may well be that the professional military services get more than their share, since a uniform is a fine cloak for complacency.

Nicholson, that chameleon of actors, embodies Buddusky with the most economical precision; ten minutes, and you know what you're in for. He and another sailor (Otis Young) are ordered to take a sad-assed young thief (Randy Quaid) from some naval station along the Virginia or Carolina coast to the old brig at Portsmouth, N.H. They have five days for the trip (that seems about right; the military always assumes that its personnel travels by oxcart) and Buddusky determines to instill some spirit of independence into his maddeningly passive charge before turning him over to the Portsmouth Marines.

The therapy consists of feeding him beer in Washington, introducing him to storefront mysticism in Greenwich Village, and buying him a whore (his first woman) in Boston. The regimen does ignite a small spark in the woeful prisoner: he tries to escape across Boston Common and as a result is turned over in somewhat battered condition to his jailers. The Marines are indignant, the other guard—a black man intent on guarding the position his years of service have earned him—is relieved that nothing worse happened along the way, and what the prisoner thinks, no one knows. However, Buddusky is well pleased with the way he handled the whole expedition.

There are some good moments. I liked Buddusky's attempts to make time with a New York ashram girl who was into chanting and the peace movement, and I was touched by the wan, efficient little whore who points out to her oafish customer that she has a good body; "not great, but good." All along the line of travel there are untoward adventures, instigated by our hero and obviously intended by director Hal Ashby to be uproarious; but all in all I was depressed. Nicholson is just too convincing as Buddusky—a guy who has always made me howl like a dog. □

DANCE / Nancy Goldner

Jerome Robbins' *Four Bagatelles*, his most recent work for the New York City Ballet, is so sleight-of-hand and beautifully danced by Gelsey Kirkland and Helgi Tomasson that one wants to pass it off as a lovely trifle. Maybe that's what Robbins wants one to do. But no, it's a trifle with a difference. It's a classical *pas de deux*, set to Beethoven, no less, and as though for an opera house. Indeed, the opening duet is the most traditionally classical Robbins has done, consisting of academic lifts and long, supported promenades right out of Petipa and Balanchine. They are not the point, however. These signatures of glamorous, theatrical, opera house ballet sidle into the dance so unobtrusively that perhaps you're not supposed to feel their residue of formality at all. What you do feel, right from the beginning, when Kirkland and Tomasson execute a series of curlicue strolls and poses, is friendliness. Robbins is loath to introduce outright love and sex into the atmosphere because it would intensify and theatricalize the dance, so we see two very friendly friends doing little nothings (by way of a grand *développé à la seconde* in promenade; enough to give an accomplished dancer pause, let alone one's chum) and taking in some country air (by way of a duet, two solo variations and a coda).

All theatre rests on illusion, but *Four Bagatelles* smells fishy. You want to jump up in the middle of the proceedings and protest with a "What's going on here? Those people up there aren't friends; they're dancers. Why are they pretending to be alone when 2,500 people are watching them?" Robbins is attempting to play out an impossibly contradictory set of illusions. The performers must only not pretend that they are characters in a make-believe situation but that they are *not* performers and are not in a theatre. The audience must then yield to the action on stage and also deny the realities of there being a stage and action to yield to. Naturally, one rebels against such double-think.

Further, Robbins does not maintain the non-theatre illusion. The dance begins *au naturel*, as a dance for two, but when one person runs off (the stage) so that the other may do a solo we are in the world of convention, the world of the *pas de deux*. Accordingly, the solos exhibit for the sake of the audience's pleasure certain technical accomplishments—in Kirkland's case, quick syncopation; in Tomasson's case, the ability to change weight and center of balance at the drop of a hat. Resort to convention is understood as a perfectly legitimate solution to practical problems, while exhibitionism is the natural stance in dance for the theatre. But Robbins seems to be disturbingly ambivalent about theatrical machinery and persona, and in the process of making dancing more "real," he makes it unbelievable.

Overriding the whole ballet is a tone of modesty, quiet and charm which spells trifle. Here's the big rub: Robbins makes such a point of achieving a trifle that he achieves a Trifle. As such he falls into the now familiar trap of making a work about boredom boring. Moreover, the inherent contradiction in the category of major trifle cannot be resolved. It hints of overweening ambition counterbalanced by insecurity. *Four Bagatelles* insists that something (after all, we are all sitting there, watching it) is nothing much, and that because it is nothing much, it is something. It's not that *Four Bagatelles* is theatrically untheatrical, but that it is untheatrically theatrically untheatrical . . . *ad infinitum* until you are buried in such a mare's-nest of counter-illusion that you must clear the deck and start over. *Four Bagatelles* is a *pas de deux*. First they dance together. Then she dances. He dances. She joins him and they dance together again. Curtain.

Much of the dancing is pleasant, though not marked by invention. Tomasson's solo is exciting for its quick changes of direction and its unpredictable dynamics and use of the dance area. It reminds me of the solo Balanchine made for *Baiser de la Fée*, except that Robbins divests it of drama, turning it into a purely technical *tour de force*. Folk dance motifs crop up in the solo. They serve to carry along the modest tone and the idea that classical ballet can fuse with a more vernacular language. The catch is, they can't fuse. The only way a "fusion" may be presented without offending the audience's sense of reality is for the choreographer to put the fusion in quotation marks—to acknowledge the joke that he's doing something impossible, or to create a conscious artificiality. But that brings one back to the central problem of *Four Bagatelles*. It treats artificiality as a sin; it won't even confess to being a *pas de deux*.

Kirkland's solo is structured around syncopation with Beethoven. The choreography is catchy and could have been charming had Robbins let go of the idea instead of using it as a crutch. Too, the humor of syncopation gets too big for its britches. Kirkland *is* charming but her demureness, which in Balanchine's

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ballets is in spellbinding tension with the grandeur of his choreography, especially in his *Monumentum Pro Gesualdo*, plays into Robbins' belabored wit. Since Robbins is so intent on convincing us that *Four Bagatelles* is a little bauble, I wish that Kirkland had fouled up the game plan by dancing her pauses and rushes as though they were utterly important moments. At a preview performance last May, Violette Verdy made a little fuss over them, and I missed it during this season.

Tomasson is not charming; he looks slightly strained in those folk-dance shuffles. He's wonderfully modest, though, has a disarmingly frank stage smile, and is just about the best dancer you're likely to see. Kirkland is too, although she's not yet a finished dancer. In some ballets she still needs to invest her ankles and thigh muscles with more dynamics, so that you feel slightly more effort in the legs. Yet she makes of what one might call immaturity such a positive quality that something precious will be lost when she gains more authority. I wish that Balanchine would make something for her right now, so as to capture a dancer both already great and on the verge. Together, Kirkland and Tomasson are right now one of those heaven-made partnerships, not only because they share an absolutely pure technique but because they approach their work with a common simplicity and honesty. Watching them, one understands that there is nothing more "meaningful" than a perfect arabesque, nothing more "artistically mature" than an exquisitely turned out leg as it prepares to become the anchoring line for the arabesque, and nothing more "uplifting" than the slight rise in the ribs and shoulders that marks the arabesque in peak bloom.

Alwin Nikolais' two latest works, which were shown in company with older pieces at the Lyceum Theatre during the first two weeks of February, are arid. *Scrolls* is a rehash of familiar Nikolaisian devices—peek-a-boo games from behind scrolls and parades in front of them, with colored lights playing across everything —while the lighting effects, which often carry his ballets over dull spots, have the sensuousness of linoleum patterns. *Cross-Fade* is at least technologically interesting. Photographs of the dancers are thrown onto a back cloth. The dancers pose in front of them in a rapid sequence of stills, while smaller photographs are projected onto the dancers' bodies. As the body moves, the photograph becomes correspondingly stretched or scrunched. In one instance a male dancer looked as though he were carrying a crying fetus, but these moments of human interest are catch as catch can. Again, light dances across everything and everybody, and again you can latch on to something interesting if you're lucky. For example, when one dancer bent over, the light hit his stomach so as to make his waist appear to suck in to almost zero dimension. Yet crying fetuses and wasp waists have in fact nothing to do with *Cross-Fade*. Aside from its facility with light projection and a certain interest arising from its theoretical framework of triple perspective, *Cross-Fade* does not seem to be about anything, least of all dancing. For as soon as anyone begins to move he freezes. Start-stop dancing is characteristic of Nikolais' style, and its fascination is the continuity maintained between each quivering dart of movement. In *Cross-Fade*, however, the dancers come to dead stops, so that the prime focus becomes sculptural. Dancing bodies can have sculptured interest, but only as a by-product of the main event, which is transition. When body sculpture becomes the center of movement the dancer looks exploited and the dance sterile. *Cross-Fade* is what I would call real abstract dance, in contradistinction to what is often mistakenly called abstract dance, when dancers just dance. Real abstract dance is so hollow it's enough to make one a devotee of social realism. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Terrence McNally is one of the most adept practitioners of the comedy of insult. His two one-act skits entitled *Bad Habits* are the best examples of his writing in this mode (Astor Place Theatre). That they find a ready response in the audience attests not only to the author's skill but to the fact that malice is widespread.

Both plays aim their shafts at institutions for the treatment of psychological disturbances—"encounter groups." The ills the patients suffer, McNally indicates, are more benign than their cure. Everyone has a right to his "disease," and both the desire to rid oneself of it and the methods employed to heal it are bogus.

I am stating this much more solemnly than McNally does. His plays are spoofs and at times quite funny. The first skit, *Ravenwood*, presents various couples, who, from more or less disguised hostility, injure one another. The second and more hilarious skit, *Dunelawn*, presents a masochistic nurse, her disciplinarian superior who suffers from frustrated sexual impulses, a dipsomaniac, a Japanese sadist, a transvestite—all in thrall to a double-talking quack revered as a saint, whose remedy consists of injecting his patients with a narcotic when they are seized by their particular passions.

There is, of course, a satiric element in these sketches which sustains and "justifies" them. But there is no real criticism in them: the grotesquerie of the jokes supersedes all. These, in turn, are based on a strain of generalized dislike. The undeclared "message" is: people are no damned good, so let's leave them alone to proceed on their own nasty way—which is, after all, *our* way! The bitterness inherent in this cannot be acknowledged; it is masked as fun and games. We laugh to free ourselves from what is implied.

The performances, well directed by Robert Drivas, are unquestionably funny. Emory Bass's every verbal affront tells unerringly. J. Frank Lucas as the oily doctor of *Dunelawn* is an unforgettably comic horror. But the "star" of the evening is Doris Roberts, whose self-abasement as the mournful nurse whose slave psychology finally transforms itself into self-assertion and vindictive glee, is one of the acting triumphs of the season—a master stroke in caricature.

I had imagined I understood Shakespeare's swan song, *The Tempest*, until I saw the production at the New York Shakespeare Festival Lincoln Center (in its Mitzi E. Newhouse section). It is not a bad production—it has several distinct assets—but it seems to have no "center," the stamp of a clear interpretation.

Trying to recover my own first impression of the play, I sought the aid of three scholarly critics: the English traditionalist, E.K. Chambers; Harold Goddard, an American professor whose *The Meaning of Shakespeare* is a thoughtfully provocative book; and the Polish critic Jan Kott, whose *Shakespeare, Our Contemporary* is a highly original one. For Chambers, *The Tempest* is a glamorously magical spectacle; for Goddard it is a fanciful recapitulation of Shakespeare's disdainful view of worldly place and power; to Kott it is a "serious and severe history of the world in abbreviated form . . . a struggle for power; murder, revolt, and violence." No wonder, then, that I am now at sixes and sevens on the subject.

That may be proper, since Shakespeare presumably contains everything. If I have a single complaint to lodge against the Lincoln Center production directed by Edward Berkeley, it is that he has not made me gather *his* intent. Many playgoers hardly concern themselves with this aspect of their evening's entertain-

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ment, as long as they enjoy the show; which means that they do not approach the theatre as an art, that is, as essential communication or statement.

Still, there is merit in Sam Waterston's deliberately measured reading as Prospero: we understand almost all of it and it is at least intelligent. He is a young Prospero who seems to have suffered the hardships of his exile. His clothes, even his magic cloak, are tattered. Prospero is usually costumed and acted like a powerful sage—"every inch a king"; to show him as something of a derelict is original and interesting. The rest of the cast ranges from the adequate to the nearly embarrassing. A notable exception is Randy Kim's Trinculo, justly appraised by most of the daily reviewers as the best within their recollection. His speech is wholly intelligible, his acting contains the pathos of ignorance and receptivity to every suggestion—no matter how absurd or evil—which promises freedom from his quandary.

Santo Loquasto's setting is an able solution, within the limited stage space of the small Newhouse theatre, of the play's scenic challenge. It both suggests the desolation of Prospero's isle and provides sufficient playing areas for the action. One thing is certain: the setting, as the production in general, eschews glamour, which is perhaps a clue to its meaning.

The Actors Company, which has been appearing at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, is just what it calls itself: a company. As such it is most sympathetic, though it lacks outstanding personalities. This deficiency is by no means fatal: I have seen brilliant productions with mediocre casts. A permanent acting company may be, should be, the basis for a Theatre, but does not in itself constitute one. Only in its cooperative-organizational setup is this English company a Theatre. What is also needed is a strong guiding or motivating force arising from a specific artistic or social point of view.

The season in Brooklyn shows that, while the company is capable of offering agreeable evenings, the general impression it creates is amiability rather than distinction. *The Wood Demon* has a youthful go and joviality about it, but little of the inner spirit of Chekhov's still unripe comedy. The pastime made from R.D. Laing's *Knots* was an amusing side show which revealed the company's salient quality: playful good nature. Its *King Lear* (presented on opening night without settings and costumes because of a shipping mishap) was academic, a series of correct readings along well-established paths. And Congreve's *The Way of the World* struck me as disastrous.

The play is a literary masterpiece, of which the bright humors are entirely a matter of *words*. The plot is so complex —not to say rather silly—that it can hardly be said to exist. I understood no more of its "story" when it was done at Cherry Lane Theatre in 1954 than I did in Brooklyn, but I thoroughly enjoyed it. I could catch less than half of what the players of the Actors Company spoke. At first, I believed this to be solely the fault of the acoustics of the large house, but I was assured by several people who sat much closer to the stage than I did that they experienced a similar difficulty. Still, the trouble was not so much a fault of the actors' speech as such, for I did hear them as they bounced about in *The Wood Demon*.

The production style was wrong or, to put it more precisely, there was an absence of any discernible style. The play, first produced in 1700 at the culminating point of the artificial mode called Restoration comedy, was a failure then because the temper of the times called for a comedy of *sentiment*—a quality wholly absent in *The Way of the World*. The Actors Company under David William, who also staged *King Lear*, produces Congreve's play in the furnishings and clothes of the late 19th century, somewhat as if it were doing Oscar Wilde. The physical alteration hardly matters, but the theatrical speech patterns of the latter era are not at all suitable to Congreve's dialogue. Wilde's is semi-casual; Congreve's extremely formal, demanding great supplies of breath for grace and satirical bite within a "starched" manner of address. Congreve's style, furthermore, does not allow for much movement.

The results in the Edwardian mode were bad enough, but in the second half of the evening this turned to music hall slapstick and clowning which shattered the play entirely.

The Negro Ensemble Company (St. Marks Playhouse) is closer to becoming a Theatre than most other groups hereabouts. It addresses itself mainly to black audiences, though its best productions—*Ceremonies in Dark Old Men, The River Niger* and several others—have won admiration on a wider scale. There is a note of black pride and assertion, if not militancy, in most of the Ensemble's efforts, and its company, chiefly under the direction of Douglas Turner Ward, is more or less permanent. In the latest Negro Ensemble presentation, *The Great MacDaddy* by Paul Carter Harrison, one recognizes many of the faces —David Downing, Graham Brown, Al Freeman, Jr., Hattie Winston—who have made their mark in others of the company's productions. There is also a delightful newcomer (he was in *Ain't Supposed To Die a Natural Death*), Sati Jamal.

The Great MacDaddy is an allegorical or "symbolic" suite of scenes held together by a main theme: the imperative for the black man to liberate himself not only from the white man's stupid bigotry, but even more from his own temptation through despair to sacrifice his dignity and power to the persistent vices of urban society in general.

In this respect *The Great MacDaddy* is not particularly cogent or fresh. But there are compensating elements. One is the extraordinary energy of the company in its dancing, though this tends to be repetitious, lively snatches of music by Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson, and some passages peppered with randy vigor and tangy imagery wrought with indignant laughter. □

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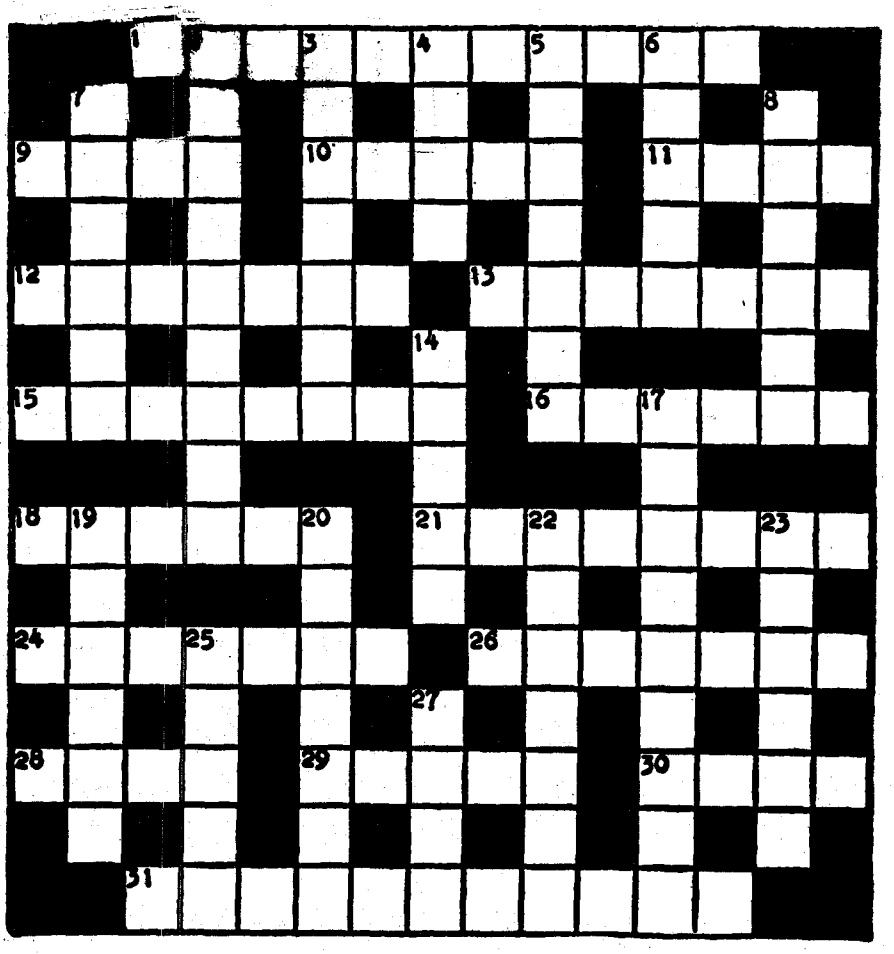

ACROSS

1 A commonly boring affair with Muscidae —or rather Odonata. (11)
9 and 10 Southern Italian accents given out by singers? (9)
11, 25 and 27 down Take a wagon back to the zone and load it with ammunition. (9,4)
12 There seems to be about five in the bucket, so get on top! (7)
13 Baseball team, by the sound of it, that could be in the race. (7)
15 If repeated, twenty implies it's good. (8)
16 Concedes this tomb might be visited? (6)
18 Service, on condition that a compact portion of the mountain range is seen. (6)
21 Look, but not well back, to make a short report for some sucker. (8)
24 They should carry things to whomever the checks might be made out to. (7)
26 The dissatisfied mate might look for them in the pot. (7)
28 Horse collar attachment? (4)
29 How you might give out the letters for a short time. (5)
30 William's son was told not to give them to himself. (4)
31 One might expect concrete results from its use. (6,5)

DOWN

2 Check on what some men wear, with money being put back in if one does. (9)
3 Not a little gangster's gun—much bigger. (7)
4, 8 and 14 Sister's unusual stripe, not fresh from a literary pilgrimage? (4,7,4)
5 Writing things down, but having some difficulty with the balance. (7)
6 You'll have to do better here! (5)
7 If old-fashioned and square, one might act so, somewhat. (6)
8 and 14 See 4 down
17 To give undue devotion around most of the CIA might be to embitter. (9)
19 A common man in like surroundings might get other people to act for one. (6)
20 A word of warning to take notice, and look ahead. (7)
22 Proper knowledge with flowers might have been responsible for a wreck. (7)
23 Sometimes taken by those who wait. (6)
25 and 27 See 11 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1526

ACROSS: 1 Panorama; 5, 20 and 18 The Owl and the Pussycat; 11 Enacted; 12 Bayed; 13 Nightgown; 14 Lasso; 16 Abrasion; 19 Messmate. 22 and 23 As You Like It; 24 Imposed on; 26 Tasks; 28 Eyewash; 29 Bivouac; 30 Tassel; 31 Recreant. DOWN: 1 Parabola; 2 Ninny; 3 Raindrops; 4 Magenta; 6 and 10 Heart-rending; 7 Orthodoxy; 8 Lading; 9 Beggar; 15 Sleepless; 17 Start over; 21 Ennoble; 25 State; 27 Sousa.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

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Is perfect
From that great
New mountain peak
To this piece
Of rotting wood
I now hold
In my hand
The design
Is just
As I would have made it
Were I
The MAKER
And since
I am NOT
I am content
To see each thing
Where it rose
And each thing
Where it fell
And nothing
Would I change
Not even my own life
Past
Present
Or what will to me befall

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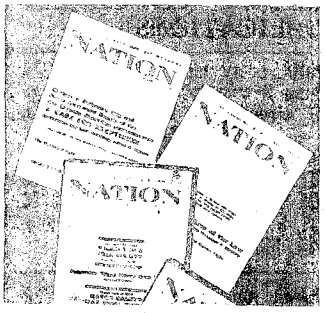

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